Don't wait till too late. Sign free Insurance Coupon, page iii of Cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XX. No. 534 | SATURDAY. AUGUST 26 1916. | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A Rhyme of the Times. For meaning of this number see page 14.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

A genuine article, soft and ready for use.

Two Gold Medals awarded.

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Made in White, also in Khaki and many attractive designs.

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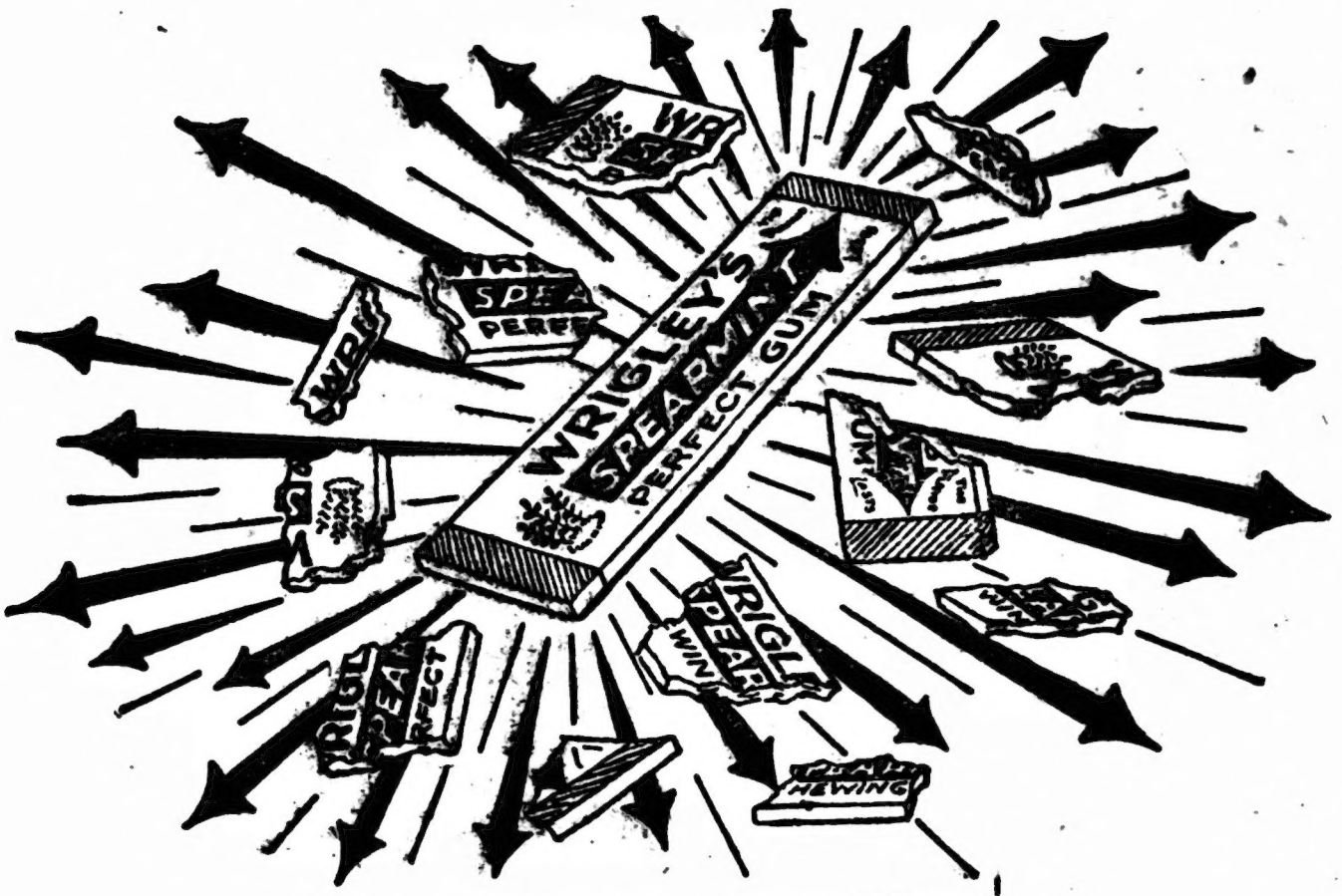

Strafe Worry and Fatigue.

WRIGLEY'S Chewing Gum will "buck you up" far better than any tonic. Ask our soldiers and sailors and munition workers—they know the worth of this grand war-time sweetmeat.

It is selling in millions of bars, and every bar is helping to cheer and sustain a patriot.

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½d. bar—and a bar lasts all day.
5 bars 2½d. Box of 40 bars 1/6.

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JOHN BULL

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XX. No. 534. Week ending Saturday, August 26th, 1916. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Minister for the Wounded.

Our suggestion of last week has caught on. The Cabinet are actually "considering" the matter.

Sarcastic!

Our dear brother *Truth* says that "under the inspiration of Mr. R. J. Campbell and Mr. Bottomley, who may be described as the Gog and Magog of the modern Sabbath, the Sunday paper party grows gradually respectable." Rather rough on "T. P." and "Sub Rosa," who have been Sunday lights for years! But why *Mr.* R. J. Campbell? *Truth* will be calling us "Rev." next!

Those Posters.

A few weeks ago, owing to a freak of the billposter, the London omnibuses announced, "*Sunday Pictorial*—Exclusive Pictures—By Horatio Bottomley." And now the *Glasgow Evening Times* tells of "a neat mix-up of newspaper placards" at a local newsagent's, thus:—"200 bombs dropped on Metz. By Horatio Bottomley." As in the other case, of course, there was a longer bill underneath.

The Traitor Princes.

Nearly a month ago Mr. Asquith promised to advise his Majesty to take "the necessary steps" to deprive the traitor princes of their peerages. Well—what of it?

At Harrogate.

What a wonderful meeting we had there the other night, every inch of the great Kursaal—or, as we prefer to call it, Casino—being occupied by as distinguished and varied an audience as was ever brought together. Bishops, Officers, Judges, Barristers, Doctors—with their ladies; and a background on the stage of several hundred wounded Tommies—God bless them. How times change!

At the Wells.

And what an interesting crowd one meets at the Wells! Between our sips of the odorous but beneficial sulphur water, one would have a chat with Sir William Treloar about his Cripples' Home at Alton; then a word with Sir William Gentle, Chief Constable of Brighton; a merry minute with Sir William Dunn—next year's Lord Mayor (whose firm once "sold us up" in days gone by!); a little legal gossip with Marshall Hall, K.C.—to be joined in and rounded off by his learned friend, the brilliant Mr. Ruth—who was "with us" in a case twenty-seven years ago; E. B. Barnard, Chairman of the Water Board—the "*Pure* Water" Board he called it; words and greetings from old friends at Westminster, with all sorts of kindly references to our work and hopes for an early return—and so on, and so on. We must go there again.

A Brighton Mem.

When does that un-naturalised Germhun member of the Town Council propose to resign? People are talking about him.

Women Curates.

The old story. We started the idea (in the *Royal Magazine*) and now the Church has taken it up. We must give it a further lead.

Once Again.

Won't some Member of Parliament ask for a return of all Germhun-born persons at present in the employment of Ministers of the Crown?

A War Economy.

Is it the fact that two Archbishops and 37 Bishops receive amongst them an annual income of nearly £190,000? What about a war economy here?

"Tommy's Page."

Next week our "Tommy's Troubles" columns will be extended to a page, under the above title. We mean to redeem our "pledge to Tommy."

A State Duty.

Where sufferers by Zeppelin raids come on to the Prince of Wales's Fund it is a misuse of trust money. The State should at least compensate where it cannot protect.

Billets or Bullets.

Several M.P.'s of military age are employed as message carriers to the Fleet. Let older men do that job and thus relieve the younger men to carry messages to the Hun at the front.

Roumania.

Watch *Roumania.* By the way, Germhuny has "proposed territorial compensation at the expense of Austria in return for Roumanian neutrality." Roumania, however, should remember that the Kaiser proposes—the *Entente* disposes.

Humiliating.

Sitting in a restaurant the other day, our eye caught this notice, prominently displayed on the wall:—

> To treat or to be treated or to lend money for the purchase of liquor
> IS ILLEGAL.
> Penalty, six months' imprisonment with hard labour, and £100 fine for those who borrow, pay for, lend, sell, give or consume contrary to this regulation.

And we say Britons never, never, never shall be slaves!

"John Bull's" Diary of the *Second* year of the war. Ready September 7, 1/- nett.

Select.

This is how an hotel manager in the Strand advertises for a barmaid: "Wanted, a young lady as barmaid; no mild ale or common people served." Evidently a home from home for the knuts.

The Pleasures of Life.

Report hath it that one of the junior officers of the Naval Ordnance Depot "takes a steam launch for the purpose of playing golf, etc., which involves a great expenditure of coal and labour." We trust that the coal, at least, is his own.

Unevenly Spread.

It is announced that from April 1st, 1915, to March 31st, 1916, we spent £2,000,000 on jam for the Army. Some of the troops stationed on the East Coast would like to know when they are going to get their share of it, as they are getting a trifle fed up with dripping and margarine.

Buckfast and Benevolence.

"In consultation with the Chief Constable of Devonshire," the Home Secretary has decided that it is unnecessary to remove the monks of enemy nationality from Buckfast Abbey. They are to be allowed to proceed as usual with their prayers—and incidentally do any spying in the interests of the All-Highest as opportunity offers.

A Hunnish Trick.

We have long suspected the Hun of robbing our prisoners of war, and we have been collecting evidence in the matter. Many friends of our prisoners wonder why they receive applications for help in the shape of parcels, the letters being in strange handwriting. In the latest case brought to our notice a poor mother received a communication written by a stranger, telling her that her son had injured his right arm, and asking for the usual weekly parcel to be sent to a new address; but the German rather gave the game away when he added that "letters" should be sent to the old address. Friends of our prisoners of war, beware.

The Debts of a Hun.

More than twelve months ago a notice under the Trading with the Enemy Act was issued by the Public Trustee, inviting the creditors of Friedrick Maximilian Count Hochberg, "an enemy within the Act," to submit particulars of their claims. Nine months later it was announced that there would shortly be "a payment on account to creditors in this case"; but for some reason or other the matter still hangs fire. Yet we are told that at the former residence of this highly placed Hun—he is, we understand, a cousin of the Kaiser—sufficient valuable property remains to pay his debts in full, with a useful margin over. What hinders its immediate sale and distribution? A more business-like procedure in such matters is greatly to be desired.

A Hero's Funeral.

When a Hun prisoner dies in this country we give him a military funeral as a matter of course; in death he receives the honours of war. Here is what Redditch did for one of the Worcesters—a lad, dead at the age of 20, who had spent two Christmases in the trenches, as well as a couple of his too few birthdays. He was borne to his grave with no mark of military respect or honour, without the attendance of one military representative. There was not a Union Jack to cover his coffin, though that was the flag the brave, fine lad had volunteered to die for. It was no matter of oversight, for a military funeral had been asked for, but it seems to have been said at Worcester that no soldiers were available. We believe that men of the regiment would have disproved that excuse had they been given the opportunity.

Those Destroyers.

A member of the crew of one of the destroyers which went out with the *Hampshire*, and were sent back, takes exception to our recent comment upon their names—*Unity* and *Victor*—and says: "I wonder what sort of a guy *you* would have looked that night—with the living-place full of water, and yet not a growl." God bless you, Jack boy! You ought to know us better by this time. We were referring to the inappropriateness of the names to the occasion. See?

Their Occupation Gone.

A widower at Southampton, when his wife was buried, thought to keep as a memento a photograph of the grave, showing the wreaths and flowers deposited by relatives and friends. The photographer who took the picture, and the Curator of the cemetery who permitted it, were each fined 10s., or seven days. Surely it is straining at a gnat to apply the Defence of the Realm Act to so simple, so innocent, an offence. And let it be noted in passing, that the photographer pleaded that he possessed a permit to carry a camera. He may carry it, it seems, till Doomsday, but he must not use it. There is another story of an artist who went to Rye to paint in that quaint old Cinque Port. But he was forbidden to put brush to canvas, on pain of instant arrest. And yet the shops of Rye were stocked with view postcards—printed in Germany!

The Friction with Sweden.

On June 24th—long before there was any idea in the mind of the Man in the Street of trouble between Sweden and this country—we published the following paragraph:—

> Talkative Ministers.
>
> Here is what a reader tells us: "Yesterday I and a friend had two stalls for the Empire, Leicester Square, and about 9.45 a prominent politician—an ex-member of the Cabinet—accompanied by another gentleman, came and sat directly behind me. He did not stop speaking all the time about our new explosive, and about Sweden's attitude, and as to various things the Government was doing in relation to both matters. I wondered whether any German spy happened to be sitting near!" Oh, those cacklers!

In view of what has now happened, we think the printed placards cautioning against gossip on matters of national importance should be extended to our places of entertainment. Very grave damage indeed might have been done upon the occasion in question by such thoughtless blurting out of what were practically Cabinet secrets.

In Terror of Tommy.

Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux said something very intimately related to the truth in the House the other day when he remarked (apropos of a General Election during the war) that, apart from the war, "the only thing the troops were interested in was the attempt of various ecclesiastical people at home to stop their grog." It is unquestionably a fact that Thomas Atkins, Esq., however rampant a Party politician he may have been in pre-war days, has acquired a noble scorn and profound disgust for the old political game in which he formerly was used as a pawn by interested players. But that is all the more reason why his electoral rights must be preserved. His vote has now acquired a treble value to the State. Whereas before he saw through the Party political glass darkly, he now sees clearly the hideous muddle into which the professional Party politicians have landed the country. He realises to what extent "Party" has been responsible for his having been dragged from his occupation and his home and thrust into khaki to defend the integrity of the British Empire. The big bugs of Westminster are aware of this, and that is why they regard with dread the interposition of the soldiers' vote at the next General Election.

Nearly a million people write daily with a "John Bull" Pen.

Look Out! —

For the second volume of "John Bull's Diary of the War"—containing the complete history of the epoch-making hostilities down to August last. The price is 1s. only, and the date of publication September 7th.

The Official Way.

A Swansea reader sends us the original of a letter from the "Assistant Director of Munitions Contracts," dated Aug. 9th, and which reads: "With reference to your letter of *June 8th*, 1916, I am directed, whilst thanking you for your offer of Lancashire Boilers, to inform you that it is not one of which the Department wishes to avail itself." And it took over two months to get that reply!

A Lincolnshire Sentence.

When Amos Jackson and William Brown were charged at the Epworth (Lincolnshire) Police Court with a vicious assault upon a young woman, the Magistrates "had no doubt whatever as to the guilt of the defendants." Moreover, they were righteously determined "to keep the roads safe for girls," and "to mark their sense of the seriousness of the offence committed"—they fined the prisoners £5. Yet it was clear from the evidence that their crime was of a nature to merit the severest punishment. Evidently, the moral and physical "safety" of girls is somewhat cheaply regarded by the Epworth Bench.

—And a Yorkshire One.

From a shop at Hull—less than 30 miles from Epworth—Mary Frances Hornby stole a piece of soap and two skeins of wool—total value, 4d. At the Police Court she advanced plausible excuses for her wrong-doing; but we will not bother about these any more than the Magistrates did, when they sentenced the woman to 30 days' gaol for her trumpery fourpennyworth of crime. We venture to suggest that the two Benches should change places.

"Someone Has Blundered."

After having been on guard every night for two years—to be precise, since 6 p.m. on the 30th of August, 1914—the Special Constables have now been withdrawn from Hammersmith Bridge—a somewhat flimsy structure which is one of the vital spots on the easiest road from London to Portsmouth. The local "Specials" naturally feel that their long and voluntary vigils, in all weathers, have been either endured quite unnecessarily, or that a grave error is being made in withdrawing their protection. By the way, the adjacent reservoirs, which come right down to the main road—being separated from it only by a low fence—have been left unguarded since last November. What a chance for uninterned Huns!

Harsh Treatment of Voluntary Workers.

The appeals of the Government for V.A.D. nurses are likely to meet with scanty response unless something is speedily done to improve the conditions under which they now serve. These unselfish and untiring ladies are voluntarily sacrificing all domestic comfort and subjecting themselves to the rigours and hardships of menial work of every description, without fee or reward, and in return are being treated more like galley slaves. The hauteur and superciliousness with which they are regarded by the regular professional nurses are sometimes little less than insulting, and more than one of them have broken down, crushed and mortified by the inconsiderate treatment accorded them. In addition to working for absolutely nothing, for long stretches at the time, they have to buy their uniforms, and frequently trudge long distances under the broiling summer sun in their heavy coats, owing to Regulations framed by unsympathetic officials. They are also denied even a cup of tea at the military hospitals unless they bring the ingredients themselves.

A Piano Solo.

From Scotland comes a revelation concerning matters in the piano trade. A dealer explains that, when he tries to buy pianos from British firms, the regulation reply is, "no pianos in hand, no stock, no hopes of any till after the war." Yet this same dealer has on several occasions been circularised by a certain gentleman offering to sell pianos and "having a stock room in Glasgow four or five times a year." The name of this active and enterprising person is Oscar Lobl.

Peace Cranks in the P.O.

We are assured by the *Postal and Telegraph Record* that the recent Conference of Postal and Telegraph Clerks at Leeds "was not without emotional periods," and we are glad to be furnished with a polite name for what otherwise might rank as sheer lunacy. For example, the Peace Resolution, as originally proposed, was a most mischievous and ill-conceived attempt to weaken the hands of the Government in the prosecution of the war, while even in the modified form in which it was ultimately carried it was entirely out of harmony with the patriotic sentiments of the nation. Apart from the wider aspects of the question, proceedings of this sort are grossly unfair to the thousands of postal servants who have rendered yeoman service with the Colours.

Mean Mill Hands.

At a mill in the West Riding of Yorkshire, employing 200 hands, a collection was recently taken up on behalf of a wounded soldier who had worked there before the war. The case was a special one, and we should have been greatly surprised if the response had been less generous than it actually was. As a matter of fact, the total sum collected was 1s. 4d., and this princely benefaction was forwarded to the wounded soldier with a message of "good luck." For these refreshing tidings, the *Hebden Bridge Times and Gazette* is responsible, and we will emulate the delicacy of our contemporary in stating that the mill thus distinguished was "not 100 miles from the source of the Colden stream."

A Clerical Complaint.

The Rev. F. O. T. Hawkes writes in his *Aldershot Parish Church Magazine* a few objections to Sunday work and a great many to Sunday recreation. "When men were falling in their thousands on the Somme," the Canadians were "having their sports at Bramshott." Cannot even a parson see that those Canadians were fitting themselves for their turn "on the Somme," or elsewhere? He thinks we take games so seriously that "we were deteriorating into a race of amateurs." It is a cryptic sentence, but it is idle to guess at its meaning, for the suggestion that the race is deteriorating is simply untrue. Mr. Hawkes must please leave the soldiers to their Sunday sports while they have life to enjoy them; only God in his high heaven knows how long that may be.

Pampered Huns.

A picture paper has printed a photograph of one day's rations as supplied by us to German prisoners of war. It is headed, "A Picture to Shame the Kaiser"—but it would only make him grin. The shame is on Britain, for those sumptuous rations for Huns are far beyond what we give to many of our own men. A non.-com. at Somewhere-on-the-Coast, in charge of 23 men wounded from the Dardanelles, and soon returning to the Front, tells us that the day's rations for the entire party are: 6 loaves of bread, 1 lb. of butter, 1 tin treacle or jam, about 3 lbs. meat made into stew, and 1 can of tea. As a natural consequence the men "often go hungry to drill." And, says our friend, "men that have done their bit ought to get enough—even in England." That is caustic criticism, but dreadfully true.

"John Bull" *versus* Zeppelins. See page iii of cover.

Hunger in Berlin.

A man in good position, living in Berlin, wrote to a friend in Holland, and his letter safely passed the German Censor. In one line of his letter the Berliner stated that "he was acquainted with Tapus." It is fairly evident that the Censor did not share that acquaintance, for Tapus was a notorious "fasting man," a Dutchman who fasted for six weeks while lying in a glass coffin. The writer spoke in parable, but it was only the voice of truth in disguise.

True Tale About "Bullets."

Somewhere on, or near, the Clyde there happens to be a dockyard. It is a place where workmen go to work. One man, being a Scot, is inclined to thought, and occasionally, when a thought strikes him as worth recording, he dots it down in a small note-book. The other day it happened like that at the gate, just when he was passing in. The vigilant police officer on guard, with all the Defence of the Realm regulations at his finger ends, pounced. Pointing to pencil and book, he demanded, "What wus ye daeing the noo?" "Aweel," said the docker, "I'm working on munitions, ye ken." "What dae ye mean?" inquired the policeman. And the workman quietly explained, "I'm making 'Bullets'—for JOHN BULL!"

A Sad Case.

Sad it is to relate, upon the unimpeachable testimony of a local policeman, that Mr. J. D. Morse, a member of the St. Clears magisterial bench, was recently found upon licensed premises, "sitting by a table with a glass of Scotch whisky in front of him." To make matters worse, it was "during prohibited hours," and in due course Mr. Morse was reported to his fellow Magistrates for "consuming the whisky" in flat contravention of the law. In vain did the defendant explain that he did not "feel well after drinking a little buttermilk," and that, though the whisky was on the table for 30 minutes, he "did not touch it at all." With unyielding devotion to public duty, the St. Clears Justices fined their erring brother—one shilling. If he hadn't been a Magistrate it might have been eightcenpence.

A. F. Fatigued.

In a recent letter to the press the Bishop of London made a pathetic attempt to arouse the sympathy of the public. "After visiting twenty-five dioceses," he wrote, "and giving eight or ten addresses every day during my visit to the Fleet, I am not ashamed to say that I am having a few weeks' rest." Although we find it hard to restrain our tears, we feel it our duty to remind Dr. Ingram that many a gallant Tommy, after making twenty-five or more visits to the German trenches at the imminent risk of his life, is denied even a few *days'* rest in Blighty, unless purchased at the bitter cost of wounds and agony. We do not deny that Bishops sometimes work hard and occasionally deserve a break, but in view of the tremendous and tragic toil of our temerarious Tommies in the trenches, it makes us sick when the gaitered ones sing a song about it.

Control Board's Lavishness.

The uncontrolled Control Board is not giving away princely salaries to its humbler servants. Needing a caretaker and chucker-out at its palatial Gretna Tavern, it opened negotiations with a displaced publican; salary, 15s. weekly—and no gratuities. When Boniface declined without thanks, the job was tendered to a man of many years' service under his Majesty, with the wage increased to a whole 20s. He turned it down, so it was taken on by an ex-policeman—who tried it for 14 days, and then threw it up. Presumably it is still vacant.

Captains of the Future.

A small salary is better than no salary at all, but nothing a month is the salary of apprentices in the merchant service. These fine lads are often the sons of old officers, sea-dogs of the right breed, and they willingly pay a premium for years of hard training without wages. Just now they are facing death in all waters, voyaging for months off the reel in company with crews and cooks and stewards who all get a war bonus on top of wages. Shipowners' profits are quite big enough to allow of a bonus to the apprentices.

Mrs. Tommy's Wit.

Summonses and other similar legal proceedings usually frighten a woman almost out of her wits; but a soldier's wife, in the Brighton district, offers a shining exception. The local Trade-Protection Society had gone to the County Court for a small debt said to be owing by the soldier, and the wife wrote expressing her sorrow at being unable to attend the Court. And she added, with sly and gentle humour, "I have sent to my husband to come home, if possible; but I am afraid he will not be able to do so, as they are so busy just now!" That Tommy should be proud of his good lady.

Concerning Commissions.

Soon after the war commenced almost anybody could obtain a commission in the Army, just by asking for it. That method was too free and open. The authorities have now gone to the contrary extreme, and nobody can be commissioned without going through the Officers' Training Corps. This is unjust to many excellent non-commissioned officers, the men who trained the first, second, and third New Armies. It is manifestly absurd to order such men to undergo a course of fresh training, side by side with callow youths—especially when those men knew all about it already, and have been teaching it for years.

The Retort Courteous.

Here is a story which reaches us from the trenches: A Tommy is standing on guard at the entrance to a communication trench and is up to his chest in water. Another Tommy comes along and asks if he can direct him to B2, which, of course, refers to the Company of a certain Regiment. The first Tommy (who has been on guard at this particular spot for forty-eight hours) replies: "I'm not the blooming harbour-master."

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"STAR":—
"It is satisfactory that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has approved of the scale of pensions and allowances for DISABLED soldiers and their WIDOWS."

"SUNDERLAND DAILY ECHO":—
"The East and North-East Coast districts were visited by the raiders at WIDELY DIFFERENT TIMES more or less SIMULTANEOUSLY."

"SCOTSMAN":—
"Mr. Annan Bryce complained that France and GERMANY are not placing their gold reserves at the disposal of the Allies, and are leaving this country to maintain their credit."

"CUMBERLAND NEWS":—
"——— said that . . . he HEARD a FEMALE VOICE LOOKING OUT OF THE WINDOW."

"GRIMSBY TELEGRAPH" (advertisement):—
"Comfortable Sitting-rooms; can have one or two BEDROOMS FOR COMPANY AT NIGHT."

"DAILY CHRONICLE":—
"TWELVE SHILLINGS will only GO AS FAR NOW AS A GOLDEN SOVEREIGN DID, in those far-off days before the war."

"SUNDAY TIMES":—
"Lieut. ——— . . . left Sydney with the First Battalion and returned early after receiving many SCARES of battle."

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Herbert Samuel, M.P., Home Secretary.

Dear Mr. Samuel,—I understand that the Bermondsey Military Tribunal have invited you to release Germhun bakers from internment to take the place of men called to the Colours; but I venture to hope you will have nothing to do with any such mad proposal. For the point of view of British bakers I may refer you to the West London Master Bakers' Council, who have emphatically protested against the release of Germhuns, one member observing that "there would be nothing to prevent German bakers poisoning the food of the people of London." Perhaps this aspect of the matter had not occurred to you. But it's worth a thought.

John Bull.

To His Worship the Mayor, Lambeth Town Hall, Brixton.

Dear Your Worship,—On the whole, I think it may be said that the Local Tribunal under your presidency has been one of the fairest and most efficient in the Kingdom; it has neither allowed its decisions to be dominated by the military nor influenced by the specious pretexts of claimants. I see that it has now refused to act upon the suggestion of the Committee on Work of National Importance to exempt a "conscientious objector" who is a Government official of military age, earning a salary of £485 a year, and allow him to remain in his present employment. By what rule of equity should a "conscientious objector" in Government service be permitted to enjoy his comfortable emoluments without the smallest sacrifice or exposure to danger, while other conscientious "objects" in unofficial walks of life are compelled to make sacrifices as a condition of exemption from military service?

John Bull.

To Dr. Robert Turner, F.R.C.S., Bootle.

Sir,—Accept a word or two of congratulation from me on your outspoken remarks in one of the medical papers on the "growing scandal" of passing the medically unfit. The case of a man who left your local sanatorium to have his brief flutter of military glory may be "still tickling the popular fancy," and the case which you certified as phthisis may have had "a beautiful soldier's funeral a few months ago not many yards from here," but it is shocking, it is cruel, and it is damnable that such things should be. As you put it, "Why leave this serious matter to a popular weekly paper?" You are a little reticent in your compliments, but I do not mind that. A great many serious matters would pass unremedied but for the persistent exposures of that "popular weekly paper," you know.

John Bull.

To Albert Green, Esq., Mayor of Derby.

Worshipful Sir,—Derby town has had a Flag Day in aid of a Home at Lowestoft for soldiers and sailors who are Derby men. Now, flags are usually presented to subscribers, but on this occasion it was decided to give a miniature of Lord Kitchener, and to make it a Commemoration Day for the great soldier. All this was done with the approval of the War Office and a very distinguished committee; also, it was understood, with your approval, and certainly with your knowledge. But you suddenly took a turn that jeopardised everything, by refusing the loan of the Alexandra baskets and collecting boxes, and by writing this cold epistle to the local press: "I cannot see my way to give my patronage or support to this Flag Day. So far as I know, it is in no way connected with the National Memorial to the late Lord Kitchener." Now, so far as I know, nobody had ever said there was any such connection. But, because there was none, were you justified in attempting to dam the flow of contributions, or in refusing your "patronage"? You could not "see your way," and I am afraid somebody must have stepped on your corns while you were groping in the dark, but I do think your hoity-toity message was very ill-conceived. Instead of rendering assistance, your paramount thought was to throw cold water on a movement designed to succour and comfort the wounded heroes of your own township.

John Bull.

To Will Thorne, Esq., M.P., House of Commons.

Dear South-West Ham,—If you want to save your bacon, do not embarrass Mr. Asquith and the Government with such questions as you put to him in the House of Commons the other night; nothing could be rasher. "Are the Government prepared to declare that Kaiser William is wanted for wilful murder?" you demanded to know. "No answer was given," says the laconic reporter, and 'pon my word I'm not surprised. I believe Kaiser William will be as free from vertebral dislocation at the end of the war as is Saint Wilson of Washington himself. Even if he were captured red-handed during the war—say while signing the death-warrant of another Edith Cavell or Captain Fryatt—he would doubtless be brought to London in a royal yacht and a golden railway carriage, entertained in a lovely palace, and presently put back on his bloody throne with all the care and solicitude which a kind-hearted Ministry could ensure. Whatever the Government have in mind as punishment for the crimes of Germhuny, you can lay your annual salary to a banana that the hanging of Kaiser William isn't part of the programme. They may exclude his banner from St. George's Chapel at Windsor for a full twelve months from Christmas, drink his lager beer, eat his Frankfurt sausage, or cut off his diplomatic relations, but as for dangling him at the end of a rope for murder—well, don't you start gloating over any such historic festival, because it won't happen. Mr. Asquith's intentions are strictly honourable, and, barring accidents, the Kaiser can rely on being treated now and after the war with the utmost kindness, courtesy, and consideration.

John Bull.

To the Chairman, Military Tribunal, Newcastle.

Sir,—Your Tribunal recently granted exemption to the Organising Secretary of the Northumberland, Durham and Cleveland District of the Independent Labour Party, on condition that he should take up work of "national importance." With this decision I am not so much concerned as with your own amazing statement that his present occupation fell within that category. Yet you must surely know that from the outset of the war the Independent Labour Party have taken up a position of frank hostility to the national aims. How employment by such a body can conceivably be regarded as work of "national importance" I am at a loss to understand. Perhaps you will explain.

John Bull.

To Major J. L. Baird, M.P., House of Commons.

Dear Major,—I am sorry to see that, as the representative of the Air Board in the House of Commons, you are inclined to adopt just that same fatalistic attitude over the Zeppelin raids which brought contempt upon Sir J. Simon when he was Home Secretary and so angered those who were bereaved by the dastardly action of the air murderers. Sir John used to tell us that we (and "we" includes the women and children who are the chief sufferers) "ought to be proud to take our share of the risks of war." And now all you can say is that "these unfortunate incidents could not be avoided." It is the business of a Government to protect its peaceful citizens and non-combatants, and it is merely begging the question to call these murders "incidents." When those bombs fall on the House of Commons, will that be an incident or a tragedy?

John Bull.

To Leif Jones, Esq., M.P., Chairman, United Kingdom Alliance.

Dear Pumpuritan,—Were I less familiar with your methods in such matters, I might be considerably impressed by the picturesque statements appearing in the Press in regard to your "gigantic memorial" to the Prime Minister demanding the prohibition of the sale of liquor for the duration of the war. I understand that the petition measures eleven miles, weighs over a ton, and contains 2,000,000 signatures; but I am more curious to know how many of those are duplicates, and what proportion of them are the signatures of men of adult age. Are you prepared to make an affidavit upon those points? Not likely, eh?

John Bull.

PIANO-ORGANS FOR SOLDIERS!

"SALE CHEAP, PIANO-ORGAN, NEARLY NEW; SUIT BLIND SOLDIER."

By Charles Palmer (late Editor of the *Globe*).

NOT a moment too soon have John Bull and its humane Editor come out boldly for the wounded and disabled so'dier. The scandal has begun—wives and children are threatened with charity; brave men broken in the fight see nothing but the forbidding doors of the workhouse. "Your King and Country need you" has become a mocking cry. "Your King and Country bleed you"—is that to be the echoing answer? And yet we know that neither the King nor the country desires anything less than generous justice for the soldier and all who are dependent upon him. But unless public opinion is aroused, and the authorities do their duty, we shall have the scandals—the shames and injustices—of past wars multiplied on a colossal scale. This is the terribly significant advertisement I read the other day in a Bradford paper:

Sale cheap, piano-organ, nearly new, with rubber-tyred truck; suit blind soldier.

That, I say, is not only a significant, it is an infamous advertisement—infamous in the thought which prompted it, or rather I should say infamous in the knowledge which made it possible. Yes, and unless the full force of national feeling backs up those who are determined to strive for justice for our men, we shall yet see the blinded soldier, the armless or the legless hero, trundling a piano-organ through the streets of our cities, making piteous appeals to the compassion of the charitable.

The Shrapnel of Indignation.

Now these things must not be. And if his Majesty's Government cannot smash down the entanglements of red-tape which stand between the soldier and the soldier's family and their just demands for comfort and security in the home, then we will get a Government that *will* show some real "bowels of compassion." We will blast with the shrapnel of indignation all those cold-blooded officials, be they in the War Office, the Admiralty, or on the Chelsea Boards, who cannot and will not understand that our soldiers and sailors, wounded, disabled, or diseased by war, are to be the first charge on the nation's gratitude and the public exchequer. When we know that men are being discharged from the Army and are begging bread while awaiting their pensions, we are aflame with anger. When we know that men who have either contracted disease or have had disease aggravated by service, are discharged from the Army without a penny of pension and, with their families, are thrown upon the tender mercies of the world, then we join with John Bull in making a solemn vow to fight for these injured and insulted heroes until their just claims are satisfied.

Like Heroes They Shall Live.

Many a man to-day who would have remained hale and whole had he been craven enough to shut his ears to the call of King and Country, is crippled for life. Hundreds—yes, thousands—of our wounded and disabled have paid the price for the recklessness of those in high places who gambled in Gallipoli or muddled in Mesopotamia. But whether they got their wounds or lost their limbs in hopeless enterprises or in magnificent victories they are blameless, they did their duty like soldiers. They fought and bled like heroes—and like heroes they shall live, nurtured and cared for by the great swelling heart of the British people. Evil, the poet tells us, is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart. He might have added want of method. All this muddle and distress, all this agony of mind, following upon agony of body, is due in the first place to departmental callousness and next to departmental muddle. It is true the wounded and disabled pour into this country in one unending stream—the price as well as the harbinger of victory. "The Great Push," like all the fighting since the awful days of Mons and the Marne, brings agony and distress, death and bereavement. All that is the cruel and callous accompaniment of war—the inevitable cost. But what is not inevitable is the long-drawn-out suffering—the mental care and anxiety of the discharged and the disabled.

A National Crime.

When once the war-worn fighter has returned to England and home he must find comfort and security. To be niggardly in the treatment of a wounded soldier is to be guilty of an offence against our common humanity; to deny to a man who has lost his health in the Army, the consolation of a pension is a national crime. And the nation does not intend to see those crimes committed in its name. To keep a man out of his pension while he and his family starve or get hopelessly into debt is a fiendish cruelty worthy of the Hun. "Piano-organ; suit blind soldier"! Is that what it is coming to? No, that insult to the fighting man would be my insult to him, your insult to him, if ever it were permitted. I would make it an offence for any old soldier to beg his bread, but I would make it a greater offence for any Government so to treat him that he was compelled to beg. We are the richest country in the world. We are pouring out money like water in the awful business of killing. We must pour out just as much money as is needed in the merciful mission of making secure the homes and happiness of Tommy and his family. It is a big undertaking I know. But it is a small one compared with the wonderful organisation we have fashioned for war. Mr. Bottomley has appointed himself unofficial Minister for the Wounded. He has pledged himself to Tommy and Mrs. Tommy and the children—to Jack and all who depend upon our dauntless sailors. I know how keenly he feels, and I know that he and the great journal with which he is associated intend to make the cause of the soldier and the sailor their cause from now onwards. But he must have behind him the full force and loyal support of public opinion.

The Picture as I See It.

As we know from bitter experience, Government departments and Cabinet Ministers have to be driven all the time. What is needed is a new department, where all that concerns the after-care of the wounded and disabled, the protection of the widow and the fatherless, shall be brought under one beneficent roof. At the head we must have, not a Party politician but a great man, big in organising skill, rich in tenderness and mercy. He must possess both head and heart. Under his fostering care the mighty army of the broken and bereaved, the pitiable battalion of battered heroes, must be marshalled for peace. He shall be their shepherd, and none that come under his care shall ever want for food or shed the bitter tear of desolation and distress. It is not a fanciful picture. It is a national duty to see that it is realised in very truth. But it will be a national shame if that terrible advertisement of the piano-organ ever lures a single blind soldier to tramp the streets in sightless beggary. A mere re-shuffling of posts, such as that now made which brings Mr. Henderson on to the Board of the Chelsea Commissioners, is no good. That body is more than suspect—it has been found miserably wanting in capacity and sympathy.

SOMETHING WORTH FIGHTING FOR.

PEOPLE THE IDLE LAND OF BRITAIN WITH OUR HEROES.

BY A. G. HALES.

NAPOLEON won more battles for France than all the rest of her leaders put together, but his grandest victory was achieved over the great landowners in France. When he framed the law which brought peasant-holdings into existence, he consolidated France and laid the foundations for the marvellous prosperity which has kept our dauntless Ally in the van of the nations. He gave the peasantry something to fight for, something to live for—something worth dying for. He knitted the nation together in the bonds of self-interest; and personal interest, in the aggregate, is the strongest factor in the universe. Unite self-interest with patriotism and you have an invulnerable bulwark. When this war comes to an end, hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen will march off to their own homesteads on the land—how many British Tommies will do the same? Not many, under existing conditions; yet who are more worthy to occupy and own British soil than the men who are fighting for it? I have watched British politicians since the outbreak of the war—hoping, and hoping in vain, for the appearance of a *Statesman*. There is not one in the present Parliament—not one; nor will one get there as long as this present Government is allowed to lengthen its life at will. Yet the war has made men think; there are more independent thinkers at this hour of British b eed than the nation has known in any generation since the days of Cromwell. And thought is strength; it is stronger than gold, stronger than steel, more enduring than granite—it is the only foundation upon which permanent prosperity can rest. God send us a thinker!

Idle British Soil.

Get into any railway train, travel where you will, and idle soil will stare you in the face—soil that would fill this country with wealth beyond the wildest dreams of any Chancellor of the Exchequer who ever held office. Do not talk about the manless lands of our overseas dominions; we have manless lands, right here at home under our eyes, that could, and should, be converted into gold mines. Marry the land to the people, and permit no power under God to divorce them, and Britain will leap at one bound to a higher pinnacle of lasting greatness and grandeur than she has ever known, or has ever aspired to. For the good brown earth is the most faithful of all partners, and never deserts those who put their trust in her. The cost of the war up to date would purchase land enough in Great Britain to settle an immense army of workers upon, and the men who should be selected are the men who have borne the brunt of our battles. Where will the money to achieve this purpose come from—where the money came from to carry on the war! That is where we must and can get it, for there is a monstrous fund still untouched—idle money, slackers' money, money the brain and brawn of the country have made but seldom handled in the past—money that the lads in the charnel-houses of war by land and sea have been fighting to defend. They have a right to the use of a share of it, as they have a right to a share in the land that bred them. This is no socialistic doctrine, but the crux of commonsense and justice; if the lads had not gone to fight, William of Germany would have had the lot—just as William of Normandy and his countrymen got all that was worth having in England when he conquered us, and planted his victorious standard where the ruins of Battle Abbey now stand, close to the rough lipped coast of Hastings. Travel from London to Hastings now and see how much land lies idle, land that for years has never been raped by the plough, and if your heart does not ache for your country, you are made of queer stuff.

Millions We Send Away.

Every year in peace time we send millions of money across the Channel for foodstuffs, every atom of which could be grown in Britain if the people had peasant-holdings and the railways were forced to meet the needs of the growers. We can and we must produce all the pork, poultry, eggs, vegetables, fruit, butter, cheese, flowers and herbs we consume, as well as much of the beet required for sugar, and many other things that need not be specified. Our farmers, as a class, confine themselves to wheat, oats and barley; but we cannot hope to compete with the owners of vast areas of land in our overseas possessions in those commodities—rents are too high, taxes too heavy; labour goes to the cities, and small blame to it under the regime before the war. The utilisation of British soil should have commenced as soon as Belgium was invaded. I know that the gallant King of the Belgians sent envoys here to find work on small holdings for women and elderly men of his own people. His intent was to find employment for those of his nation who were unfit for battle. The proposed emigrants would have been experts in all departments of market-gardening and poultry and rabbit raising; they would have enriched our idle land and supplied our markets until peace came. And they were to have come to us on the definite understanding that they returned to their own country as soon as war ceased. But vested interests here were too strong, and those of the Belgians who were not roped in by their conquerors went to France, and France is the richer now for their skill and labour. Had those people come here, they would have paved the way to the land for our own home-coming warriors, and they would have left a wealth of priceless knowledge behind them. They might have proved of little worth as mere farm-labourers, because of their inexperience in that department, but as market-gardeners they would have opened up a new era for us.

Tommy as a Nation-Builder.

Our Colonies prove there are no better breeders than our own fighting classes, and that means the whole British race. Put Tommy and his wife on peasant-holdings, finance each holding for a couple of years as the Colonial governments do, and we need have no fear of a declining birth-rate. Mr. and Mrs. Atkins will soon fill the land with fine, intelligent, sturdy children, and the land will be hushed to sleep each eve to the melody of rocking cradles. Let the pheasant and the partridge give place to the peasant and his partner, and Britain will swarm with lads and lasses who will grow into grand, independent, hard-working, land-loving men and women who will know well how to do their duty to themselves, their King and their country. Dot the land with ten thousand new villages, keeping the soil of each village in the hands of the State, that the rents may fill the country's coffers and not go into the pockets of individuals. Link up the villages with a network of state-owned railways that will connect in turn with the great cities where the peasant-landowners can market their growings, and you will then be fair to gallant Tommy Atkins and lift Britain to imperious heights of home-made and home-kept wealth, and make him the admiration of his friends and the eternal envy of his foes. Neglect Tommy, and he will cross the seas and be lost to us for ever!

PENSIONS, PIFFLE AND PARSIMONY.

COMMISSIONERS WITH "NO SOUL TO BE SAVED, OR BODY TO BE KICKED."

There are times when the Pensions authorities do not appear to possess as much soul as a cat. We now learn that the Chelsea Commissioners, having consulted with the Director of the Army Medical Service, have finally refused to alter their decision not to grant any pension or allowance to Mrs. Knock, of Forest Gate, the wife of the soldier now in Brentwood Asylum. Let us recall the facts of this extraordinary case. The woman's husband was examined and passed into the Army as medically fit. He was kept in the Army and trained as a soldier for ten months. Then it was noticed that he acted strangely; when next Mrs. Knock heard of him he was in Brentwood Asylum, and her allowance was stopped; and because (the Army medical officers say) he was a lunatic when he joined the Army—which she denies—the Chelsea Commissioners refuse to grant this woman, who would be destitute, with a baby, but for 13s. 6d. a week she earns at a laundry, any assistance whatever. It is monstrous. This man has served the turn of the nation and the Army. Even if he was insane when he joined the Forces, he was not, to give the Army doctors credit, insane enough for them to suspect his sanity, and ten months of military training probably made him more lunatic than he ever would have been. What despicable treatment it is for the Chelsea Commissioners to deprive the man's wife—she may almost call herself his widow now—of pension on grounds so mean, trivial and technical! Outside the officialism of these hard-shell skinflints we suggest there is not a man paying his share in this £35,000,000-a-week war who would not feel himself deserving of being kicked if he deprived Mrs. Knock of a pension which, if justice in the mouth of this Government is not a sham, is rightly hers. If in fairness she is not entitled to it, then let the wives and dependents of other unfit men, passed and broken in the Army, realise what is in store for them. Lunatics and cripples, blind men, consumptives, epileptics, heart cases, earning their precarious living in civil life—take them all, even if you have to drag them out of the hospital, and when you have broken them so that they are no more good to themselves or anybody else, throw them out of the Army, stop the meagre allowance of their dependents, and, though they starve, refuse a penny of pension to them on the ground that their men were unfit when they were accepted. That, it would seem, is the logic of the decision of these Chelsea Commissioners, backed up by the Government which made them possible. The other night there was a debate in the House of Commons on the flagrant delay in paying allowances to discharged soldiers while the Chelsea Commissioners are leisurely considering to what lowest limit of meanness they can reduce the pensions payable, or by what technical trickery they can disallow them altogether. Officialism of the kind with which we are here dealing likes nothing better than this sort of performance. Give it a job beloved of the Charity Organisation Society and combine it with the propensities of an unredeemed Scrooge, and it is happy as the day is long. Mr. Forster, the Financial Secretary, talks as if the Chelsea Commissioners were indispensable to a proper pensions organisation. After the Mrs. Knock case, and some others we have heard of, we say, "Be damned to the Chelsea Commissioners! They are about as indispensable as the Financial Secretary's office boy's tame rabbit!" Soldiers' pensions ought to be dealt with by a single national committee, composed of men with hearts and brains big enough in cases of doubt to stretch a point in favour of generosity and speed, instead of as now by an assortment of official bodies whom the discharged soldier has to chase all over the place before he can get his claim in motion at all. Even as we write we notice in an evening newspaper the case of a man of the Army Service Corps charged at Old Street with being an absentee. What was his explanation? When he arrived home he found his sister almost destitute, "having had no money from the War Office for five weeks." He went to see his mother, and found her in a similar plight; "she was about to be turned out and would have to go into the workhouse." What a way to treat men serving their country!

CONDEMNED UNHEARD.

MR. JUSTICE LAWRENCE AT FAULT AGAIN.

"More sinned against than sinning," was the conclusion of Mr. Justice Lawrence, when Edith May Greenslade was charged at the Bristol Assizes with the offence of bigamy, to which she pleaded guilty. The learned Judge may have been right, of course, and we are loth to probe the matter further; but it is important to be fair to others, especially to the woman's lawful husband, upon whose defenceless head his Lordship thought fit to heap no small opprobrium. "Her real husband," said the Judge, "seemed to have treated her in a most disgraceful way"—and having regard to the month she had been in custody, the prisoner was now discharged with the nominal sentence of four days' imprisonment. With this exercise of clemency we have no quarrel; but for the sake of leniency to the wife, there was no need to incriminate the husband—and we venture to suggest that, for the second time within a few weeks, Mr. Justice Lawrence has been guilty of a serious departure from the rules and traditions of the Courts. His scathing observations were based upon a written statement by the prisoner which, as legal evidence, was entirely without value. This document, with its grave aspersions upon the husband, was not even read publicly in Court. It was not supported by the oath of the prisoner. It was wholly void of corroboration. Yet upon these flimsy grounds, Mr. Justice Lawrence went out of his way to utter a cruel libel upon a man who was not represented in Court, and had no opportunity of denying or excusing the grave charges suddenly levelled against him. We have some ground for saying that there was an effective answer to the wife's allegations; and, in any case, the unsupported statement of a convicted woman, in terror of punishment, afforded a scant pretext for judicial reflections upon the character of a respectable man. Kindliness of heart in a Judge is a good thing—but justice to all is the first consideration.

"FILL UP A FORM."

ACCOUNT OF THE GAME AS PLAYED.

It has been thought that the Circumlocution Office, as depicted by Dickens, is dead. It is not. Its activities have been taken over by the Ministry of Munitions. A certain Mr. Green, possessing indisputable qualifications, offered his services to the Ministry of Munitions, by letter. He received, first, a card, and then a request for particulars, which were promptly supplied. As answer came a request for him to call quickly, to see Mr. Brown, in Room A1. Green, hopeful, called as desired, and, after waiting not much more than 90 minutes, noting the gentlemen of the Ministry busy with their pipes and cigarettes, was admitted to the presence of Mr. Brown, who inquired, "Want to see me?" "Yes," said Green, "an appointment has been made." "I know nothing about it," said Mr. Brown. But he was persuaded to telephone round the other departments, only to discover that nobody else knew anything about it either. "Best thing to do," said Mr. Brown "is, fill up a form." "I have filled up one." "Fill up another," said Mr. Brown, and he left the room. Another clerk in due course asked Green what he wanted, took the whole tale over again, and bowed him off the premises. Green wrote to the Secretary, telling what had occurred. Letter came, with an appointment to call on Mr. Jones. When called on, Mr. Jones was not visible, but Mr. Smith rolled into the room and said, "Fill up a form." Green said, "You have many of mine already filled up." Mr. Smith said, "Fill up another." When this was done, Green saw Mr. White, who thought a position might be found for him. But then Mr. Black said a few words, and announced that he did not think a position could be found, but if Green would fill up a form, it would be passed round, and perhaps he would be written to. That was weeks ago. But Green has not been written to yet. So that must be the end of our little story. It is not an edifying or satisfactory yarn, is it? But, unfortunately, it is true.

A RUDE NOBLEMAN.

INSULTING LETTER TO SOLDIERS' FRIEND.

The title of Viscount St. Cyres seems to be the only item of "courtesy" belonging to the son and heir of the Earl of Iddesleigh, who apparently enjoys some sort of honorary association with the Military Hospital at Millbank, S.W. Not long ago, the wounded soldiers there were promised an entertainment by a concert party directed by Mr. William Rolfe, a gentleman who, without payment of any kind, has devoted himself unsparingly to efforts of this nature—earning the warm thanks, not only of the soldiers themselves, but of the principal organisations concerned with their welfare. In regard to the proposed concert Mr. Rolfe was advised to write to Miss Bond, the Matron of the Hospital, and it was not till after the date was fixed and the preparations had begun that the following amazing communication was received from Viscount St. Cyres:

> Sir,—I beg to inform you that it will be impossible for you to give a concert on July 26th, because I have arranged for another party to come on that night. Had you had the courtesy to condescend to correspond with so mean and grovelling a creature as myself, this difficulty would never have arisen. But as I arrange the entertainments here and Miss Bond does not, you will have to put your pride in your pocket and deign to exchange letters with me if you wish to give concerts here.—
> Your obedient Servant,
> St. Cyres.

For this childish epistle there was not the least excuse or justification. If there had been an accidental clashing of dates, nothing could have been easier than for the difficulty to be courteously explained and amicably surmounted. Instead, his Lordship's ill-tempered letter has made it impossible for Mr. Rolfe to visit the Hospital, and the soldiers, deprived of a jolly entertainment, will know whom to thank.

A DEBATABLE PROPOSITION.

PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMEN "PARTING ON THE SHORE."

A London engineer, eager to "do his bit," but disinclined to be "done and bitten," invites our attention to the following advertisement, lately appearing in a leading newspaper:

> Munition Work—To professional gentlemen and those of no occupation, ineligible for military service and unfitted for factory life. A few vacancies in private workshop. No age limit. Seafield Park Engineering College, on the Solent, near Fareham, Hants.

The prospect seemed inviting, so our correspondent lost no time in getting into touch with the Seafield Park Engineering College, and was shortly favoured with a mimeographed letter from the "Master." Mr. W. Arthur Rix, M.A. (Cantab.), apologising for a reply by circular, and setting out the details of the scheme. "We are machining parts of shells," explained Mr. Rix, "and are paid at the ordinary rates," although "the College does not undertake to say how much individual workers can earn." A wise discretion possibly; but, none the less, an unfortunate omission from the point of view of the applicant for employment, who is presently confronted with this further engaging proposal:

> Experience has shown that to secure regularity and efficiency, workers must live in the College—for this, a charge of 3½ guineas per week is made for board and residence, and any profit accruing therefrom goes towards lessening the heavy expenses of the shops.

Very nice, too, for the "shops"; but how is the applicant to determine whether he can afford these heavy charges for board-residence unless he receives an approximate indication of the wages likely to be earned? And who would imagine, from a perusal of the above advertisement, that he was to be put in touch with a 3½-guinea boarding-house, with a "private workshop" for the recreation of the guests?

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES, BY THE "BOW-WOW."

"LET ME THELL YER A NITHE PICTHER THIGNED BY THE ARTITHT - MYTHELF"
As per Advt
HIRAM MAXIM, MARCONI, GEORGE R.I. & H.H. ASQUITH. Ltd
LATE HYSTERIA BROTHERS.

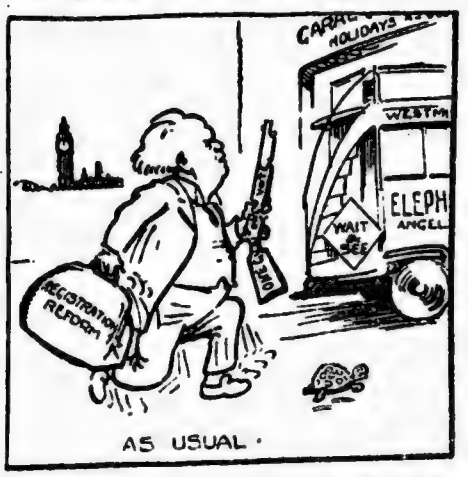
If Frederick Philip Eichner would
Renounce his German name,
It is not British that he should
Annex a Briton's fame.

Our soldiers see our fearless King
The risks of battle court;
No wonder that the trenches ring
With "He's a proper sport!"

The great white-washing job's half done;
Says Henderson, "That's right;
Continue as you have begun
And you will make black white."

The cow prefers, the farmers say,
The milkmaid to the man,
But still the pump will hold its sway
As filler of the can.

Whilst Golden Argosies draw near
With wealth to Britain's shore,
"Hands up!" exclaims the Profiteer,
"How dare you ask for more?"



"One gun, one vote!" the cry should be,
But we're prepared to state
That all we'll get is "Wait and See,"
With emphasis on "*Wait*"!

LEST WE FORGET.

NEVER MIND THE PLEDGE—LET US HAVE THE BADGE.

By J. K.

John Bull said the other day: "What do you think of our idea for a Lest-We-Forget League, with a Cavell Badge for the women, a Fryatt Badge for the men—and the Premier's Pledge to bring to justice the murderers, 'whatever their station,' inscribed?" What do we think of it? Just what we always think of J. B.'s suggestions. I do not care, however, for the proposed inscription. The pledges of politicians do not give undue confidence to the people nowadays. But the badge idea is good. We want to remember. For our future safety it is necessary. After the war is a thing of the past, the atrocities of the Huns must be kept fresh in our minds. Many of us would forget, when business or other matters occupied our thoughts. As months and then years go past, we must have something to keep our memories green. But a badge is not enough. John Bull always leads, and in the days to come that journal will still occupy the place it does at present as Tribune of the People. As the various anniversaries come round, it must recount to us the foul deeds committed by the fiends who let Hell loose to ravage and murder. The Editor—he is the man for the job—must in his inimitable way tell us over again the stories of the *Lusitania* and *Falaba* massacres, the Cavell and Fryatt murders. We have no use for senseless Hymns of Hate. Apart from avenging the crimes of the Germhuns, we must see to it that our children and our children's children do not fall into the trap that nearly swallowed ourselves. When peace comes, cranks will appear in our midst entreating us to forgive and forget. "We have won," they will say. "What more do you want? Do not kick an enemy when he is down." We do not wish to kick an enemy when he is down, but we *do* wish to keep him down. The Badge idea is good. Let John Bull get to work on it. The readers, as well as all good patriots, will do the rest. Never mind the Premier's Pledge. One of these days he will inform an astounded world that he meant something else. The only inscription required is "Lest We Forget."

TRADING WITH THE ENEMY.

WIDE LOOPHOLES IN EXISTING REGULATIONS.

Among the resolutions adopted at the Paris Conference was one foreshadowing the stringent amendment of the Trading with the Enemy Regulations; and we would take leave to suggest that if the proposed changes in the law are to be of practical value they should be put in hand without delay. A firm of electrical engineers, in a big way of business, complain that "goods of German manufacture are still pouring into our markets"; for example, they "have traced numerous instances of electric pocket lamp batteries . . . of enemy origin . . . still being sold in this country." The German origin of these goods is conclusively proved, the name and address of the manufacturer being "actually found stamped on them." This is a deplorable state of affairs, the responsibility for which rests largely with the Government, whose present regulations are evidently quite inadequate to the purpose in view. In the particular case under notice, the Foreign Trade Department were asked for an explanation of the continued importation of goods of this character, the official reply being that, from inquiries made, the Foreign Secretary was "satisfied that these batteries contained less than 25 per cent. of enemy materials, and were accordingly admitted to this country, under present regulations, as neutral goods." Yet we are assured that these pocket lamp batteries are being made in England by British firms, of a superior quality to the German article, and in sufficient quantities to meet all requirements. In such circumstances there is no excuse for the continued importation of these mongrel goods from abroad, even if it be true that only 25 per cent. of their materials is German; and we sincerely hope that the "present regulations," under which such an abuse is possible, may soon give way to a saner scheme. If such arrangements as these are thought good enough in war-time, we tremble to think what may happen in peace.

A HOME OF HONOUR.

FINE GIFT STRANGELY DECLINED.

Some few months ago the neighbourhood of Hoylake and West Kirby was agreeably excited by the news that a local gentleman, Mr. W. E. Cain, had offered his West Kirby residence, Wilton Grange, as a home for soldiers who have been totally and permanently disabled in the war. It was a noble gift, for the mansion, standing in grounds of 2½ acres, cost Mr. Cain £25,000, and it was given by that gentleman "solely to provide a suitable place for brave heroes broken in the war, and where they could have that comfort and attention of which they are fully deserving, for the remainder of their lives." Local people were delighted, and a number of gentlemen promptly offered to contribute towards the upkeep of that well-named Home of Honour. But, to everybody's consternation, the gift has been declined by the War Pensions Statutory Committee, that body stating simply and baldly that "they did not see their way at present to making use of the offer." There are, it appears, some "local objections" to the scheme. The Committee has not said, but other people are saying, that certain unnamed "local gentry" are looking that magnificent gift-horse in the mouth because they think the presence of crippled soldiers will deteriorate the value of residential property at West Kirby. Mr. Cain has himself declared: "It is hinted that there would be little or no objection if, under this scheme, Wilton Grange were utilised only for officers"! It is the topmost summit of supercilious snobbery. Small wonder that such people have made their objections under the seal of privacy; otherwise, we believe the neighbourhood would be too hot to hold them. But think of the unutterable meanness of it. Imagine a man, rendered helpless by his wounds, denied a shelter and a home because some creatures are currish enough to think the presence of a private soldier would "spoil their property." The attitude of Mr. Cain is admirable. His wish is to do good. We hope the offer may yet be accepted, gracefully and gratefully, for West Kirby will honour itself when that Home of Honour opens its doors to helpless men who dared, and did, and suffered for us.

TENANTS' RIGHTS.

THE CAPERS OF THE COACH-AND-FOUR.

The Rents Act would have been a more useful measure if the landlords of small properties had been forbidden, under penalties, to raise their rents in war-time, except for specified reasons; but most British Governments have a weakness for half-measures. A good deal of blame undoubtedly attaches to Magistrates who, in the hearing of ejectment summonses, have in many instances been far too easily satisfied with the *bona-fides* of the landlords' claims, especially in cases where the owner alleges that he requires a house for his "personal occupation." In this connection a complaint that has just reached us is typical of many brought to our notice. A lady, the owner of a cottage, issued a summons against a munition-worker upon the usual plea of "personal occupation," although before the Magistrates she admitted that she would not have troubled to claim possession if the tenant had been willing to pay an increased rent. This the man had very properly refused to do, and the present contention was that, through financial stress, the landlady was now anxious to go and live in the cottage herself. This touching appeal seems to have considerably impressed the Magistrates, who should, however, have been put on their guard by the woman's significant admission in regard to the increased rent. Nevertheless, they granted the application, and the sequel is not hard to guess. Whatever her original intention, the landlady has not taken up her residence in the cottage, but, according to our latest information, has let it to another tenant, at a substantially increased rental. Without debating at all the rights and wrongs of a case like this, it is clear that, as far as the first tenant is concerned, the aim and purpose of the Rents Act have been wholly defeated. Commonsense would dictate that in all such cases the landlord's plea of "personal occupation" should be in the nature of an undertaking, upon the failure of which the rights of the original occupier should be restored in full.

Make a good "Bullet" and earn £250. See page 24.

WHAT A GAME!

JOHN BULL: "And these are the people who are screaming out to us to postpone our holidays!"

LEST WE FORGET.

NEVER MIND THE PLEDGE—LET US HAVE THE BADGE.

By J. K.

John Bull said the other day: "What do you think of our idea for a Lest-We-Forget League, with a Cavell Badge for the women, a Fryatt Badge for the men—and the Premier's Pledge to bring to justice the murderers, 'whatever their station,' inscribed?" What do we think of it? Just what we always think of J. B.'s suggestions. I do not care, however, for the proposed inscription. The pledges of politicians do not give undue confidence to the people nowadays. But the badge idea is good. We want to remember. For our future safety it is necessary. After the war is a thing of the past, the atrocities of the Huns must be kept fresh in our minds. Many of us would forget, when business or other matters occupied our thoughts. As months and then years go past, we must have something to keep our memories green. But a badge is not enough. John Bull always leads, and in the days to come that journal will still occupy the place it does at present as Tribune of the People. As the various anniversaries come round, it must recount to us the foul deeds committed by the fiends who let Hell loose to ravage and murder. The Editor—he is the man for the job—must in his inimitable way tell us over again the stories of the *Lusitania* and *Falaba* massacres, the Cavell and Fryatt murders. We have no use for senseless Hymns of Hate. Apart from avenging the crimes of the Germhuns, we must see to it that our children and our children's children do not fall into the trap that nearly swallowed ourselves. When peace comes, cranks will appear in our midst entreating us to forgive and forget. "We have won," they will say. "What more do you want? Do not kick an enemy when he is down." We do not wish to kick an enemy when he is down, but we *do* wish to keep him down. The Badge idea is good. Let John Bull get to work on it. The readers, as well as all good patriots, will do the rest. Never mind the Premier's Pledge. One of these days he will inform an astounded world that he meant something else. The only inscription required is "Lest We Forget."

TRADING WITH THE ENEMY.

WIDE LOOPHOLES IN EXISTING REGULATIONS.

Among the resolutions adopted at the Paris Conference was one foreshadowing the stringent amendment of the Trading with the Enemy Regulations; and we would take leave to suggest that if the proposed changes in the law are to be of practical value they should be put in hand without delay. A firm of electrical engineers, in a big way of business, complain that "goods of German manufacture are still pouring into our markets"; for example, they "have traced numerous instances of electric pocket lamp batteries . . . of enemy origin . . . still being sold in this country." The German origin of these goods is conclusively proved, the name and address of the manufacturer being "actually found stamped on them." This is a deplorable state of affairs, the responsibility for which rests largely with the Government, whose present regulations are evidently quite inadequate to the purpose in view. In the particular case under notice, the Foreign Trade Department were asked for an explanation of the continued importation of goods of this character, the official reply being that, from inquiries made, the Foreign Secretary was "satisfied that these batteries contained less than 25 per cent. of enemy materials, and were accordingly admitted to this country, under present regulations, as neutral goods." Yet we are assured that these pocket lamp batteries are being made in England by British firms, of a superior quality to the German article, and in sufficient quantities to meet all requirements. In such circumstances there is no excuse for the continued importation of these mongrel goods from abroad, even if it be true that only 25 per cent. of their materials is German; and we sincerely hope that the "present regulations," under which such an abuse is possible, may soon give way to a saner scheme. If such arrangements as these are thought good enough in war-time, we tremble to think what may happen in peace.

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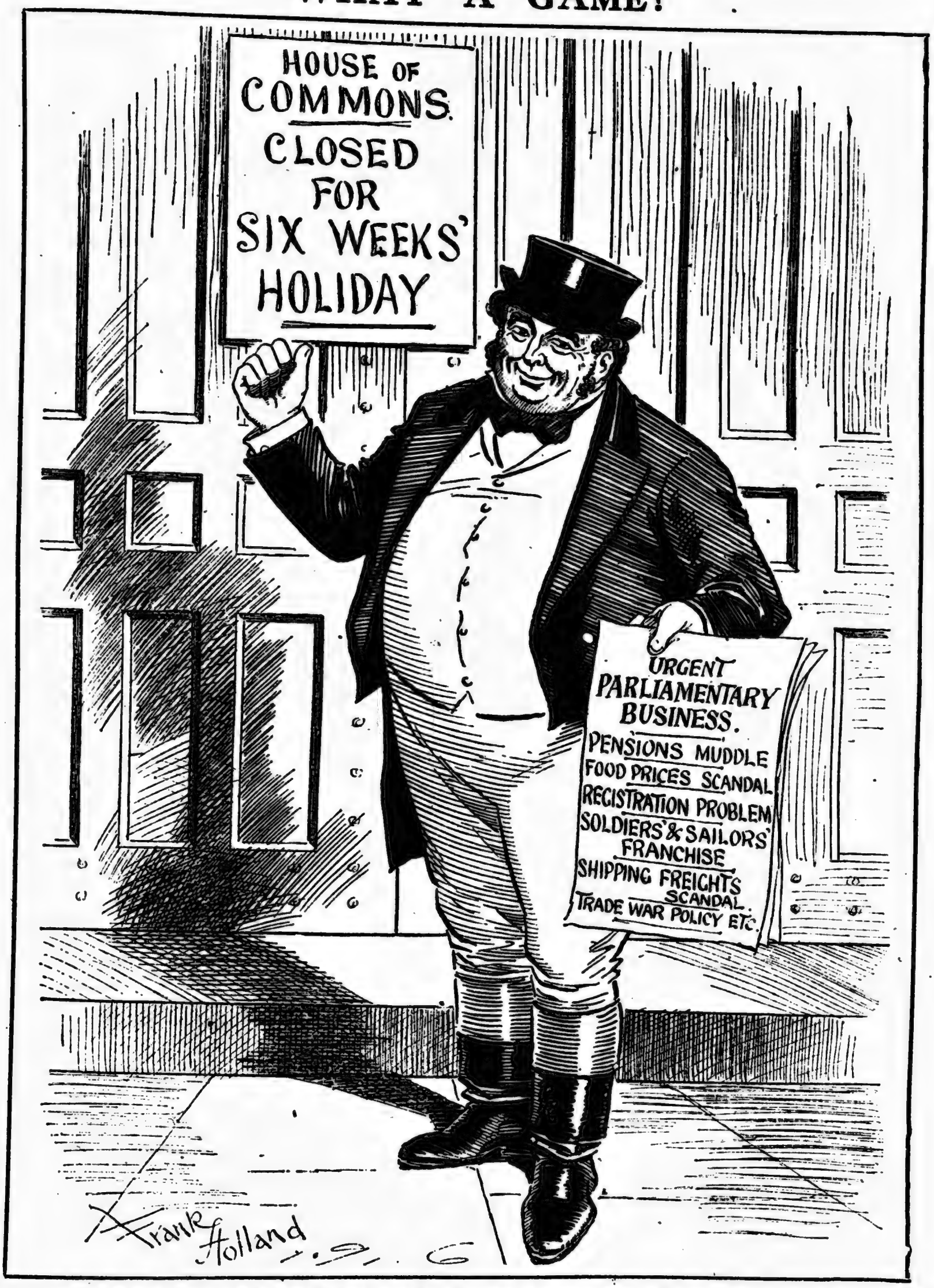

JOHN BULL: "And these are the people who are screaming out to us to postpone our holidays!"

WHY MR. ASQU

Premier's Startling Declaration

By TH

I WANT, this week, to have a plain talk to the Prime Minister; but, at the outset, I desire to say that there is no man in public life to-day for whom I have a sincerer personal respect, or a more affectionate regard. Always considered by the general public cold, aloof, and unemotional, he is, in truth, most lovable and human; and is one of the very few men I have known who has not been spoilt by success and power. There is much—very much—in his temperament and training which, to my mind, unfits him for the control of the destinies of Britain in these stern days; but they who doubt his honesty and sincerity of purpose, or his patriotism, do him a grave injustice. And, in the same way, may be brushed aside all the silly stories which are whispered in the clubs and elsewhere about his pro-German family associations and financial interests. How cruelly such slanders have distressed him, only his most intimate friends can say; for he is super-sensitive where personal honour is concerned. He is a loyal and devoted Minister of the King—and, to the backbone, an English gentleman. So much by way of preface.

The Balliol Mind.

But he is not of the world of to-day. He belongs to Oxford—not to London. He has the Balliol mind. All his knowledge of life has been derived from books. He doesn't know the Things Which Matter. His view of every problem is classical and historical. His speeches are of the Union Debating Society. Saturated with Parliamentary tradition, he really believes that this House of Commons represents the People—that its Votes are the Voice of the Nation. When he is told that he and his Government have lost the confidence of the country, he says, with great unction but with unconscious *naïveté:* "Then let the House of Commons say so." A lawyer's trick, you may think—but that is not the true explanation. He lives in a world of Unreality, and he thinks that Parliament and Politics are the life of the earth. Anything outside is vulgar, and subordinate. All his ideas about Religion have been gleaned from the Oxford theologians; whilst "Education," to him, connotes nothing more than a good memory for things you have read at school and college. The University of Life—which gives the *only* true education—is unknown to him; and the language of the Man in the Street he has never learnt. Thus, when he wished to tell the Labour men the other day that at last the Government realises what Germany's commercial game has been for years past, he could think of no simpler words than these: "The war has opened our eyes to the full meaning and the manifest implication of the German system of economic penetration." *That* is what the common man calls Balliol Bunkum—there is no warm human blood in the words. In a sense, therefore, Mr. Asquith *is* aloof—but it is an intellectual aloofness. And that is his first failing. But he has a much greater one—one which, to speak plainly, has made him suspect of the People. He will never go the whole hog, he is essentially a trimmer—he is always trimming his sails to the political breeze

Let me give a few illustrations:—Take the assurance to Parliament that if Compulsion was extended from the single men to the married it would have to be under another Prime Minister; yet the extension was made, and Mr. Asquith remained Prime Minister and did not attempt to explain away that solemn pledge. That pledge and that omission cannot be forgotten. Then take the promised "combing out" of single men from Government works and departments. All bunkum. In the Royal Small Arms Factory two thousand of them are still employed, whilst married men are being handed over to the recruiting authorities. We recall the delay and prevarication about Cotton and Contraband; about the Blockade, Dutch food supplies to Germany, the removal of the enemy Princes from our Peerage—and of the Kaiser and the Crown Prince from the Order of the Garter. Indeed, it was not till I had personally threatened to lead a mob to Windsor and tear down the banners of these two scoundrels that action was taken. Then there is the carping and cheeseparing attitude towards the wounded soldiers and the dependents of those who have fallen in the field; the constant introduction and then withdrawal of Bills and proposals; the Helmet and Alien Internment scandals; the misleading of the country as to munitions and shells; the withholding from the neutral countries of the great deeds of our Army—and goodness only knows what else besides. Can Mr. Asquith wonder that the cumulative effect of all these things is to make the common man—who is not a deep thinker—uneasy and suspicious? We remember the curt denial of the need for a Coalition Government and the almost immediate creation of the present Cabinet. We have in mind the quite recent contempt expressed for the office of Lord-Lieutenant—which enabled "gracious and well-mannered persons to discharge social and charitable functions"—and the decision not to make any appointment to the post. Yet within a week Lord Wimborne was back in Dublin. And we remember, too, the "dominant impression" left in the mind of Mr. Asquith—"the breakdown of the existing machinery of Irish Government"—after his visit to Ireland, and the fact that he has now set the whole thing up again.

The Haldane Taint.

Then look at the wobbling and self-contradiction over the Haldane visit to Germany in 1912—the Papers in connection with which we are not to be allowed to see. Really, the startling difference between Mr. Asquith's description of the aims of Germany as given in 1912 and 1914 must have behind it *some* explanation. Let me speak more plainly. Lord Haldane went to Berlin in January, 1912, at the invitation of Germany, "informally"—I am quoting Mr. Asquith's own words. "Lord Haldane received full instructions from the Foreign Secretary and from the Cabinet, and carried out his mission accordingly, to their entire satisfaction." And if we are to believe what Mr. Asquith said in the House of Commons immediately on Lord Haldane's return, nothing was proposed or

ITH IS SUSPECT.

EDITOR.

The Penalty of Trimming

done during that visit which created any misgiving as to the Kaiser's attitude, or gave even an impression that the dirty game of the Hun was to make us break our fraternal compact with France. Mr. Asquith was very explicit. "There was unmistakable evidence," he told Parliament, "of a sincere and resolute desire, upon both sides, to establish a better footing between us without—let me make this perfectly clear—*without on either side in any way sacrificing or impairing the special relationships in which each of us stands to other Powers.*" Now that was very pleasant. It was very consoling to us as a nation; it justified a continuance of the soft talk of Germany lovers in this country, and gave added venom to the bitterness of Ministerial and other attacks on those of us who went on warning the country of "The Day."

Systematic Deception.

But what was the truth? If we believe the Asquith and the Grey of a later date, nothing justified the description which the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary gave in 1912 of the satisfactory and "cloud-lifting" character of the Haldane visit. The country and the Empire were deliberately and systematically deceived. Not until three years later were we allowed to have the smallest hint that the Kaiser and his gang tried to buy our neutrality in the event of war—by forsaking France, and giving Germany "a free hand, when she selected the opportunity to overbear, to dominate, the European world." So Mr. Asquith knew in 1912 what Germany was scheming for—that, in the words of Viscount Grey, the Kaiser had proposed something which was "grossly unfair," for "while Germany in the case of a European conflict would have been free to support her friends, this country would have been forbidden to raise a finger in defence of hers!" And now we know the Truth. We know that Germany, instead of making no suggestion which would "in any way sacrifice or impair" our friendship with our splendid French Ally, dared to make the offer to suspend her Naval programme as the price of our betrayal of France. And let it be said to their credit Mr. Asquith and the Cabinet declined to have anything to do with such an infamous bargain. But why were we not told the truth in February, 1912? We cannot risk, when we come to the hour of peace, that things may be said to the nation and the Empire which bear a double meaning—which may be qualified by hidden reservations, or weakened by artistically constructed phrases. I want our Prime Minister's word to be taken at its face value.

A Startling Declaration.

But it is when Mr. Asquith comes to talk about Germany after the war that he arouses the gravest misgiving in the mind of the public. We all accepted his Guildhall declaration as fairly well embodying Britain's spirit—although even in that there was a significant omission, which I had always hoped was accidental. I refer to that phrase to the effect that we would "never sheathe the sword" until, amongst other things, the *military* power of Prussia is crushed. I noticed that there was no reference to the German Navy—which we ought never to have allowed to be built. But, upon my word, I now almost begin to think that the omission was deliberate. For I find the Premier, when recently discussing the Trade War after peace is declared, using these extraordinary words: "It is impossible to think that Germany will not continue to be animated by the same spirit and purpose when the war is over, and she will start with certain very obvious and very considerable advantages. In the invaded territories of France and Belgium she has destroyed works and factories, has carried off large quantities of plant and raw material—not to mention people. *She has a large merchant fleet for the time being safely interned in her own ports or in the ports of neutral countries.* It is evident from the German trade papers that the Germans are counting on these factors to impede the commercial recovery of the Allies, and that they are already organising their industries—let us not be blind to this—to attack Allied and neutral markets with vigour. It is thus necessary in our view to make thorough preparation for the coming of peace." Now, what on earth does this mean? Is Mr. Asquith, as Prime Minister of Britain, really contemplating that, when the war is over, not only is Germany to be allowed to retain the whole of her fleet—war and mercantile—at present hiding up the Kiel Canal, but that even the ships now interned in neutral ports are to be delivered over to her? And is she to keep "the large quantity of plant" she has stolen from Belgium—instead of reinstating it? And are her goods still to be dumped into British ports? No, Mr. Asquith, this is the kind of thing which makes you suspect of the Man in the Street. In God's name, unsay those words without a moment's delay. It's enough to make the Tommies in the trenches throw down their arms!

Plain Words.

I appeal very earnestly to the Prime Minister to remove all these miserable misgivings from the public mind. I know the difficulty of his position. It is not one to be envied; and I am aware that only a sense of duty keeps him at his post. But I should be his false friend if I did not warn him that his name is not popular with the masses. They don't trust him. If you took a Referendum to-day for the selection of a Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith would be snowed under by Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Edward Carson. Let him, therefore, take warning. If Lord Haldane or any other of his colleagues has deceived him in the past, let him say so. Nobody desires a political upheaval at this moment *if* it can be avoided. We all recognise that, given the present parliamentary system, a change of Government whilst the war is in full swing, might be a calamity—a change I mean brought about by a General Election without our soldiers and sailors having a voice in the verdict of the nation. There is, in my opinion, only one greater calamity—and that is a lack of public confidence in the King's First Minister.

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This book contains full information of the splendid and well-paid careers now open to women, together with particulars of an inexpensive system of Home Training.

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SERVANT-SNARERS.

THE LURE OF THE AREA TOUT.

Although Messrs. T. Thorne and Co., "General Outfitters," have transferred their base of operations from 59, Hatton Garden, E.C., to "other and more commodious premises" at 63, Great Portland Street, W., it does not appear that either their methods or their manners have altered for the better with the change of address. At £2 12s. the price of their Bible is presumably fixed high enough to allow for the prompt writing off of "bad debts" at the first hint of serious trouble; but girls without friends are mercilessly dunned through the medium of threatening letters, "blue frighteners" and the other recognised adjuncts of this disreputable class of trade. In one case lately brought to our notice a girl of 19 was so seriously upset by these persistent menaces that she ran away from the house where she was staying, and up till now her guardians have searched for her in vain. On the other hand, in several cases where the matter was taken up by the Hon. Sec. of the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants, Messrs. Thorne and Co., with their usual cowardly tactics, instantly climbed down, cancelled the orders, and arranged to take back the goods. Once again we warn readers to avoid all dealings with this "firm," whose fictitious title masks the activities of a single individual, or possibly of an informal partnership, whose operations have long been notorious. Regarding their lavish threats of legal action, it should be remembered that persons under 21 can in no circumstances be made liable upon contracts of this kind.

"AQUITANIA'S" ADVENTURES.

PROTEAN EXISTENCE OF A GIANT LINER.

"To suffer a sea change" is an expression of Shakespeare's; he must have had his eye on that giant liner, the *Aquitania*, for she has suffered many. In 1914 she was requisitioned from the Cunard Company and transformed from a passenger ship to an armed merchant cruiser. In January, 1915, she was restored to owners and refitted for passengers. We took her back and fitted her as a transport. Then she was changed into a hospital ship. After that she had three months' rest, at a daily cost of not less than £400. In May this year she was retransferred to her owners. When Dr. Macnamara admitted this formidable indictment, the best excuse he could offer was the childish plea that sometimes transports were wanted, and sometimes hospital ships. We might retort that sometimes we want bread, and sometimes meat; but we do not get both from the same joint. However, we will leave argument, and come to one more solid fact—for we believe it is a fact—that during July the *Aquitania* has been stripped of her beautiful passenger fittings and turned once more into a hospital ship. We dare not hazard a guess at her next transmogrification; we leave it on the lap of the gods.

THE GREAT ZEPP. RAID.

NEARLY 400 AIR CLAIMS NOW PAID.

As already mentioned, more than sixty claims were received in respect of the recent great Zeppelin raid on the North-east coast. Last week our representatives were busily engaged inspecting the damage done and paying claims. In many cases they found that the destruction of the home had placed unfortunate householders in a pitiable plight. The swift change from hopeless despair to a more tranquil frame of mind when handed the sum which would replace the lost treasures was often pathetic. In respect of previous raids and bombardments we had already paid over three hundred claims (including several for deaths), and more readers have now been added to the list of those who have reason to be grateful for our free War Insurance Scheme—which, it will be remembered, was the first devised to meet the extraordinary risks to innocent civilians created by the barbarism of the enemy. In addition, we have made several grants to sufferers who had not filled up the necessary coupon for registration, as our representatives were touched by the terrible position of some of these poor people—especially the wives of soldiers, left homeless and starving. No reader can afford to neglect this precaution.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of John Bull bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published in the following issue.

To each of the holders of copies of John Bull *of specified date*, bearing on the cover any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

J. HALLAM, 71, Winn Street, Lincoln. July 29th. 065,618.

Mrs. A. TURNER, 21, Landor Road, Stockwell. July 29th. A001,394.

A. H. MAWER, c/o Mr. Pilcher, 19, Cowley Road, Oxford. August 5th. 774,379.

Mrs. L. S. LANDELLS, 67, Church Road, Hendon. August 5th. 466,307.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of August 19th:—

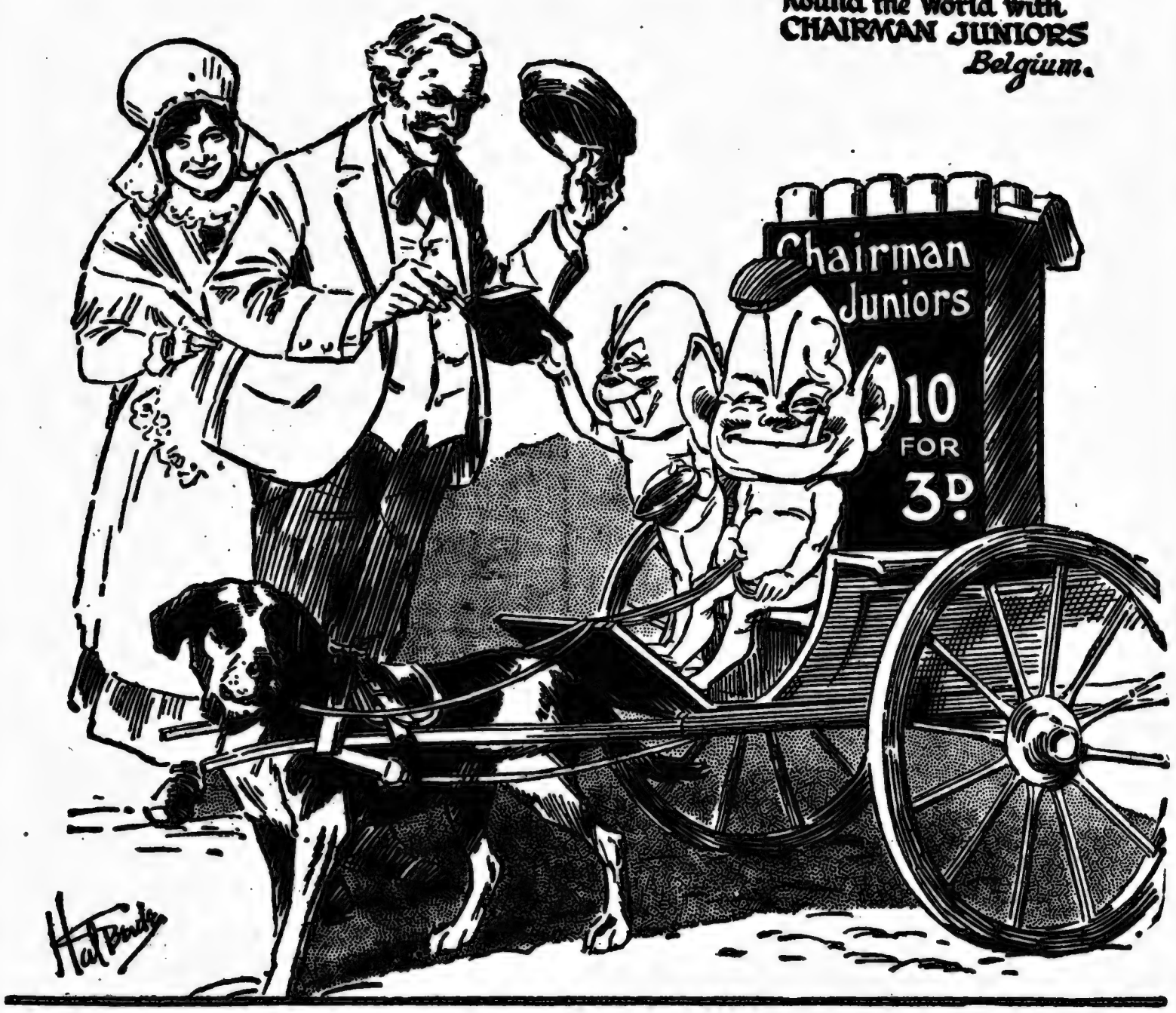
001,003	314,526	634,752	936,758	A144,550
024,681	338,343	659,894	958,249	A172,804
087,034	397,981	665,716	977,426	A201,374
092,865	399,716	680,200	982,101	A223,439
165,743	416,842	729,530	999,733	A238,942
197,984	432,990	745,658	A000,330	A266,733
202,617	475,364	772,927	A039,452	A281,322
238,459	503,870	841,748	A076,789	A328,629
255,847	564,930	869,314	A082,256	A347,023
283,900	603,765	900,251	A107,627	A378,157

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published August 30th).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for August 19th, 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 047,008 and A166,942. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.



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If you will just analyse your reasons for liking a particular cigarette you will find that it has at least these properties—coolness, a definite and pleasing flavour, and an attractive aroma. Because of these recognisable and positive qualities Chairman Juniors will suit you, as they possess them to a very pleasing extent. And also they neither burn the tongue nor irritate the throat, as they are really good—they are the original Chairman Cigarettes made a little smaller that they may be sold by tobacconists *everywhere* at

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For those who are suffering from loss of strength or nerve-troubles there is nothing that can equal Sargol for revitalising the nerve cells and bringing strength and energy to every part of the body. Sargol has increased the strength of delicate, run-down, nervous people more than 300 per cent. in many instances. It does not matter whether you have lost your strength and nerve-power from overwork, illness, or from business worries, Sargol will bring back your old-time strength and energy if you will give it a fair trial. It strengthens the system and tones it up as no other preparation can.

Sargol is a doctor's prescription, and not a patent medicine. It is so carefully prepared that even the weakest stomach will quickly assimilate its strength and nerve-restoring properties. That is why it is prescribed so freely by physicians for those whose strength is below normal. If you are wondering if Sargol would actually benefit you, why not do the one thing which can convince you—give Sargol a trial? And with your nerves begging you for help and your friends worrying about your condition, why not do this soon?

Sargol is sold and recommended by such high-class firms as Boots Cash Chemists, Harrods, Selfridges, Taylor's Drug Stores, Lewis & Burrows, and Wm. Whiteley's. If you do not live near a dealer, send 3s. direct to the

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Carlton House, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.

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SHAVING STICK

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We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, *i.e.*, we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment; and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.

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BRANCHES EVERYWHERE.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

By Our Own Tonsorial Artist.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

Good evenin', sir. Pleased to see yer. In fack, sir, I'm more pleased to see yer every time I *do* see yer. I couldn't 'ave sed that at one time, sir. Not by no means. But this 'ere wore 'as showed us wot you reelly are—a true patriot an' a plucky Britisher. . . . '*Air cultin'?* Yes, sir. I wos on'y readin' yore speech at the Welsh National Oysterfodd, wotever you calls it, the other day, an' I agrees with you—w'y shouldn't we sing, although we've got a wore on? Our chaps in khaki is pretty nearly orlways a-singin', an' they've got orl the 'ard grarft an' the danger to face. Not on'y them at the front, but the boys in trainin' at 'ome keep up their spirits by singin' on the march, in their billets, an' in the pubs in the evenin', w'en they're washin' down the day's dust an' replacin' the moischer wot they've sweated away on the march and at drill. A ole pal o' mine wot's stationed somew'ere on the East Coast dropped in to see me larst week, 'im bein' on leaf, an' 'e wos tellin' me. There ain't much in some o' the songs they sing, but 'e tells me they go with a swing an' 'elp them on the road. There's one they sing wot goes to the chune of "Marchin' to Georgia." 'Oo wrote the words I don't know, but 'e wos a poet rawther limited fur words, ter say the least:

"They were only playin' leap-frog,
They were only playin' leap-frog,
They were only playin' leap-frog,
When the other grasshopper jumped right over
The other grasshopper's back."

That's 'ow it goes. Then there's one about bein' "W'iter then the w'itewash on the wall":

"Wash me in the water w'ere you washed yore dirty daughter,
An' I shall be w'iter than the w'itewash on the wall!"

There ain't a great deal o' po'try in the words, sir, but thet don't matter. They 'elp the foot sloggin', an' keep the chaps' spirits up w'en they think o' their wife an' kids at 'ome. So I agrees with you—"W'y shouldn't we sing?" The blinds o' Britain ain't down yet, as you trooly remarked, an' they ain't likely to be. It'll take more than Germhuny to pull 'em down. They've bin up so long thet I reckon they're stuck, an' they can on'y be pulled down by pullin' down the British Empire. Will thet be short enough, sir? . . . Thank you, sir. I'm glad I've give you satisfaction. There ain't a man in the 'Ouse I wouldn't do more for then you. You manage some'ow to keep us merry an' bright, an' at the same time get on with yore job. W'ere you ack sensible is in keepin' outer the perlitical wrangles wot crop up from time to time. You've bin in enuff in yore time, 'eaven knows. But I reckon you've made good since the wore started, so I, fur one, am willin' ter fergive yer parst. . . Thank you, sir. Much erbliged. Goo'-day, sir. An' more power to yore elbow!

TALKS WITH NOTORIOUS HUNS.

By Our Own Distinguished Neutral.

HERR DERNBURG.

Astonished by news I had received of Herr Dernburg's advocacy of a more friendly attitude towards the English, I made my way hurriedly to his favourite biergarten for the purpose of interviewing him. I found him half hidden behind a pile of saucers.

"What is this I hear about your tender sentiments towards the alleged treacherous English, meinherr?" I asked. "I understand you to have said that you know them thoroughly and that they are not so bad!"

Giving a cautious look around, Herr Dernburg favoured me with a slow and solemn wink.

"I have speak according to instruction," he said in a low voice.

"Instructions from whom?" I demanded.

"The All-Highest," he replied.

"But the Kaiser is continually giving vent to bitter accusations against the British," I protested, "calling them treacherous, perfidious and what not."

"That was so," assented Dernburg. "That part of the little game is."

"'Little game'?" I cried. "What do you mean?"

"I have orders to prepare the German public for the discussion of peace terms with England," explained Dernburg. "To reconcile them to the concessions we shall be forced to make, it is necessary to persuade them that the British are really quite good sorts, and that it will pay us better to be on a friendly footing with them rather than cut our own throats by holding out until we are utterly done in."

"But the Kaiser?" I asked. "How is it that *he* does not express similar sentiments?"

"Ah," ejaculated Dernburg, with a cunning leer. "That not at all would do. It is necessary for the All-Highest to continue to express hatred and bitterness towards the enemies of the Fatherland. Otherwise he would at once lose the sympathy and support of his subjects. They would ask, 'If the British are such a decent set, and we shall do wrong to irritate them, how is it you have not told us so before, instead of encouraging us in our hatred of them?' They would declare he had deceived them and brought misery and grief upon the Fatherland without just cause. Whereas, if friendly sentiments towards the English gradually arise amongst the German people, coupled with a desire for peace, the Kaiser can say that he is willing to put his own feelings on one side in the interests of his subjects, and thus save his face."

"You suggest that the Kaiser is himself eager to end the war?" I said.

"Eager!" exclaimed Herr Dernburg. "Why he is even more eager now to end it than he was to begin it."

"That is saying a good deal," I remarked.

"It would be impossible for me to put it stronger," declared Dernburg, emphatically.

"Then the end is in sight," I said, taking my leave.

WONDERFUL COOKING REVOLUTION!

SAVING OF 15/- IN THE £ IN THE GAS-COOKING BILL.

Marvellous new "Multicooker" Invention which Cooks Soup, Fish, Joints, Poultry, Vegetables, Sweets, &c., at actually ONE QUARTER the Usual Cost.

Every household will welcome the Wonderful Invention described in this announcement. In addition to making cooking a positive pleasure, it actually effects a saving in the Gas-Cooking Bill of fifteen shillings in the £, when all advantages are considered, and as fully explained in the remarkably interesting Illustrated Particulars, which anyone may secure free by writing.

The dreadful waste occasioned by the ordinary cumbersome gas stove, with it multitude of flaring burners (which everyone seems to turn on and nobody apparently turns off), is unpardonable at a time like this, when every economy should be practised. Just think what a saving of 15s. in the £ means!

NOTE.—*Only* one *Gas Tap is turned on when the Multicooker is used instead of four or five in the ordinary wasteful way.*

ARE YOU BURNING MONEY?

Do you realise that now with your old gas stove you are literally burning money?

Do you realise that day by day pence that mount up into pounds are being thrown away?

This wonderful invention enables anyone to cook all the necessary meals of the home—breakfast, dinner, tea, supper—all by gas, and to save 15s. in the £. By the aid of this latest invention the gas heat is conserved and distributed so that only *one* gas ring need be used for the same purposes as *four* are usually used. This means that only one-quarter of the usual gas consumption is necessary.

If you are concerned to reduce household expenses, the very interesting Demonstrations now being held daily, between 10.30 and 5.30, at the Company's showrooms, 42, Berners Street, London, W., under the personal direction of Dr. Charles, Ph.D., the well-known Scientist and Food Economist, will prove of very great interest, and a cordial invitation is extended to all readers to call.

A full description of this new "Imperial" Multicooker is given in a very interesting Pamphlet, a veritable Guide to Household Economy and Successful Cooking, which will be presented free of cost to everyone who sends a postcard.

All applications for this free Pamphlet should be sent to the Secretary, "Multicooker" Inventions, Ltd. (Room 127), 42, Berners Street, Oxford Street, London, W.

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Lieut.-Col. Gordon Highlanders in full uniform.

". . . These keen fighting men rushed forward with great enthusiasm until they reached one end of the village of Mametz, and then quite suddenly they were faced by rapid machine-gun fire and a storm of bombs. The Germans held a trench on the ridge where Mametz stands, and defended it with desperate courage. The Gordons flung themselves upon this position, and had some difficulty of clearing it of the enemy. At the end of the day Mametz remained in our hands."

Vide Daily Press, July 3, 1916.

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CIGARETTES

are the best Cigarettes to give such lads as these.

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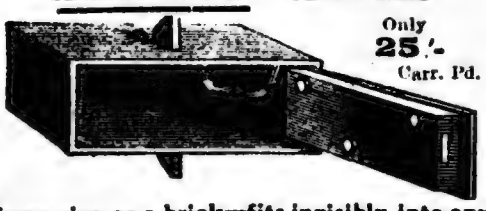

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The size of an ordinary brick, it can be let into any wall in any hidden position (as behind door, picture, furniture, etc.), giving absolute security. It has best hardened steel door, with good six-lever lock (no two locks alike), and has secret device making keyhole practically invisible. Quite easy to fit it in by yourself, or a bricklayer will do it in an hour. The Ideal Safe for homes, hotels, apartment houses, vestries, shops, etc. Made in two sizes: 9 ins. wide, **25s.**; 13 ins. wide, **30s.** Sent car. pd. on receipt of cash. Money back if dissatisfied & safe returned in good condition within 10 days, carriage paid. Special cement for fixing one safe 1s. extra. Customer writes: "Am pleased with safe; key plug arrangement is very ingenious." Order to-day, before you suffer loss, or send for full particulars to sole makers—

BRICK SAFE CO., 217, Morville St., Birmingham

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

A discharged Rifleman returned home from hospital to find his two children dangerously ill and his wife almost distracted. He received £1 on his discharge, and has the promise of a pension of 4s. 8d. a week. As his wife's separation allowance has been stopped, matters were none too rosy, and we were glad to be able to assist.

A tradesman joined up, leaving his wife and five children behind. As sometimes happens, the woman was left, without her separation allowance for about five weeks, during which time she lived on the proceeds of such articles as the pawnbroker would accept—including her husband's tools. Soon after he was discharged from the Army, owing to ill-health. He could manage light work, but was naturally debarred owing to the absence of his tools and the want of money. We looked after him.

A healthy man offered himself to the State, and was passed as medically fit for general service. The severe strain of training, however, told upon him and injured his heart. Afterwards he contracted neurasthenia, and although it was manifest that he was an invalid he was compelled to drill and march until he finally fell out, and was returned to civil life a complete wreck. He cannot work, and has a family of three. We naturally gave him relief.

The wife of a soldier is seriously ill, and among other things the doctor has ordered her a dietary which includes brandy, champagne, soda water and skimmed milk. These items cost money, and cannot, of course, be procured by the patient out of her allowance of 12s. 6d. a week. We have, therefore, supplemented the sum.

Before he went out in small craft patrolling the coast, a sailor purchased on the hire system a bed and some small articles of furniture. The man's ship was blown up and the unfortunate fellow lost his life. To make matters worse for his poor widow, the furniture firm pounced upon her and took away the bed—so that when she came to us her children's only couch was the floor. We at once mended matters for the poor creature.

"Please do not think that I am whining, but I am a cripple and my brother has gone to the war. He was my sole support, and I have only 3s. 6d. a week from him." This is an extract from a letter sent to us by a poor girl, whose want was great, and who is a genuine war sufferer. We assisted her immediately.

"I feel so sorry to trouble you, but I wish to explain that I am the wife of a soldier who is on active service in France, and I have lost a wee girl four and-a-half years old. I have another lying very ill with the same complaint—malignant scarlet fever. I have also a baby eight months old." We, naturally, at once helped this poor mother.

In another case, the wife and child of an ex-soldier were lying dead, having succumbed to the same terrible malady. There was no money for the funeral expenses until the widower came to us.

A yacht patrol man was sent ashore, no longer fit for service owing to his health. He returned home, having in his pocket a few shillings only, given to him by his mates. He is unable to work at present, and has a wife and three children. Naturally, the debts of the poor fellow were heavy; but we have completely wiped them out. Our Blue-jacket supporters will be glad to know that we came to the assistance of their mate.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Won't *You* Help?

"Wilmarsh" (Glasgow), 2s.; Sailors and Stokers, H.M.S. *Burma*, 6s.; C. E. F. (Liverpool), 7s. 10d.; "A Few Second Cabin Passengers, s.s. *Japfia*" (per P. M.), £2; E. E. M., 1s.; J. M. T. (Dunston), 2s. 6d.; J. McT. (Leeds), 6d.; R. J. J., 1s.; C. B. (Allington), 1s.; E. S. (Hounslow), 1s.; W. R. L. (Gosport), 1s.; C. E. A. (Gunnersbury), 2s. 6d.; L. B., 1s. 6d.; D. G. W., 1s. 4d.; R. G., 2s. 10d.; F. M., 2s. 10d.; "In Faithings," 2s. 6d.; H. G. (Selby), 10s.; J. F., 1s.; H. J. W. (Hong Kong), 20s.; "66, R.F.A.," 1s. 6d.; P. D., 2s. 6d.; "Justus-ante-generosus," 2s.; N. B. L. (Donnyrigg), 7s. 6d.; S. R. F., 6d.; "Bowhill," 5s.; "Katori," 5s.; "Newam Old Crocks" (Gold Coast Colony), £3 10s.; H. G., 6d.; F. J. R., 1s.; M. R. (Liverpool), 3s.; Anon., 6d.; Mrs. D. S., 2s.; C. H. S., 4d.; A. C., 2s. 6d.; "Paddy's Farewell Ibadan," £1 15s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; "08032," 7s. 6d.; A. R. W., 1s., M. C., 1s.; "True Britisher," 5s.; "Little Judy," 5s.; "One of the Contemptible Few Left," 1s.; A. G., 2s.; "Soldier's Sweetheart," 6d.; W. R. (Dovercourt), 1s. 6d.; E. D., 6d.; "Monifetti," 1s. 6d.; "Evelyn and Freda," 2s. 6d.; A. M. (Edinburgh), 2s. 6d.; E. D. L. (Clapham Park), 2s.; A. H. C. (Yokohama), 10s.; A. H. (s.s. *Mitra*), 10s.; J. O. (Bootle), 3s. 6d.; J. S. (Port Stanley), £1; Anon. (Rhodesia), £3; "The Kennels," 1s. 6d.; F. H. H., 1s.; D. E. E. 2s.; E. W., 1s.; Mrs. L. F., 14s; Weekly Collection, C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 6s. 9d.; J. C. B. (Watford), 10s.; J. D., 1s. 1d.; F. H. (Brockley), 2s. 6d.; G. A. L. (Mount Ngwibi), 4th contribution, £1; Anon., 2s. 6d.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; J. H. (Donegal), 5s.; S., 1s.; W. W. (S. Africa), £4 18s.

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Faversham.—Mr. Jas. Duran, 78, Preston Street, 5s.

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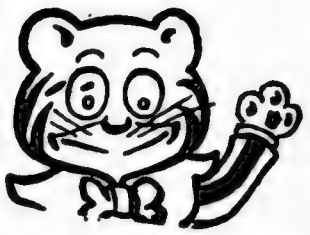
A Page for Parents

Tiger Tim



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The Children's Favourite Coloured Picture Paper.

The children will be as happy as the day is long if you give them a copy of *The Rainbow*. From first to last it contains healthy fun, and is packed with just the things that children revel in.

There are scores of funny pictures, stories, poems, jokes and riddles, in addition to which, each week a FREE toy model is

GIVEN AWAY

which will keep them amused and their fingers busy for hours.

Get a copy of this treasure house and examine it for yourself.

EVERY MONDAY. **ONE PENNY.**

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 16.

Your kind of a Shave

really easy, comfortable, soothing and refreshing—isn't that it? You can ensure it by using McClinton's Shaving Soaps or Cream.

Made on the same principle as the famous Colleen Soap, from pure vegetable oils and plant ash, they are superlatively mild, and contain no irritant to sting or burn the skin.

Their rich, smooth, non-drying lather, so definite an improvement on the frothy, quickly-drying lather of ordinary shaving soaps, quickly softens the beard and enables the razor to slip cleanly and easily over the face, leaving the skin cool and comfortable.

McCLINTON'S
Shaving Soap and Cream

(Absolutely British.)

McClinton's Hibernia Shaving Stick 1/-
McClinton's Hibernia Shaving Cream (in opal pots) 6d. and 1/-
McClinton's Hibernia Shaving Soap (in bowls) 1/-
McClinton's Exquisite Shaving Stick ... ... 6d.

Obtainable from all high-class Chemists and Stores. If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining, please send us the name and address of your Chemist, or we will execute your order direct if it is accompanied by remittance to cover cost. We pay postage on first order.

LADIES who value a charmingly dainty and fresh complexion should use McClinton's Colleen Soap. A full-sized cake is obtainable from the chemist for 4½d. (box of 3 for 1s.), or a generous sized sample cake, together with a copy of the Colleen Book of British Beauty, will be sent on receipt of 2d. in stamps for packing and postage.

McCLINTON'S, Ltd. (Dept. A.G.1), DONAGHMORE, IRELAND.

Save the Babies

OVER 30,000 babies die each summer from Summer Diarrhœa. How babies are saved is set forth in the Rotherham Health Report. Here is additional evidence. The following is an extract from an article on "Epidemic Gastro-Enteritis," which appeared in the *Practitioner*, May, 1912:—

"How are we to attain this end under the circumstances? The food Glaxo, to which I referred before, seems to have fairly solved the problem. It is practically fool-proof in use, and for a period, at least, admirably adapted to infant life. In reply to a letter of mine, written this year to Dr. —, who is attached to the Park Hospital for Children, at Lewisham, London, with regard to how the 800 odd children under their care fared during the epidemic, he tells me that 450 children under five years of age were put upon this food. By this means, as he aptly puts it, they succeeded to a great extent in 'dodging the epidemic,' which was surging around them."

The year 1911 was a disastrous one for babies, Summer Diarrhœa having taken an exceptionally heavy toll of British Babies. An efficient aid for prevention is Glaxo. This is because Glaxo is simply milk enriched with cream and milk sugar. The Glaxo Process makes the milk free of germs and breaks down the nourishing curd of the milk into minute, easily-digestible particles similar to the lact-albumen of Breast Milk. Because Glaxo is a complete food in itself, instantly prepared with boiling water, it is economical. No added milk, cream, or milk sugar is required. Only the quantity required for each feed is removed from the sealed vessel, there is no waste, no milk going sour in warm, muggy weather, and no risk of contamination from flies.

Glaxo

By Royal Appointment to the Court of Italy.
By Royal Appointment to the Court of Spain.
Awarded Gold Medal International Medical Congress Exhibition, 1913.
1s., 2s., 5s. *Vessels, of all Chemists and Stores.*

"Builds Bonnie Babies."

Ask Your Doctor!

Post this Coupon for Free Glaxo Baby Book—To-day.

The illustrated Glaxo Baby Book of 96 pages, 5¼ins. by 7¾ins., will be gladly sent to you on receipt of a penny stamp for postage. The story it tells is one that intensely interests every father and mother, for it is all about that fascinating and lovable little person, Baby. Send in the coupon for your copy to-day.

Proprietors: Joseph Nathan and Co., Ltd., London and Wellington, N.Z.

To GLAXO, Dept. 36, 155, Great Portland Street, London, W.

Please send me by return the 96-page Glaxo Baby Book. I enclose 1d. stamp for postage.

Name .....

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N.B.—If 3d. in stamps is sent with this Coupon, a large Trial Tin of Glaxo will be supplied to you in addition to the Baby Book. 16636. *John Bull*, 26.8.16.

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 16.

TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

Concerning Chiseldon.

We are glad to know that our recent remarks about Chiseldon Camp have been appreciated by the eight or ten thousand men who are quartered there. We intend to return to the question and to speak very plainly to certain Regimental Officers whose errors we charitably believe are due to an ignorance of Military Law and King's Regulations. Meanwhile, we assure the men in the Camp that the General and his Staff have a wholehearted desire for their welfare.

The Poor Unfits.

When a man goes sick in the average camp and is paraded before the Medical Officer, the latter looks upon him as a malingerer, and orders him a couple of pills and perhaps a nauseous but very effective dose of medicine. He then marks him "Medicine and duty." Should he be a particularly kind-hearted doctor, he puts the man down for light duty, which usually means the heaviest of navvy work, pulling around trucks loaded with stones, etc.—work that would test many an advanced student at the gymnastic school. It is not surprising to find that under such treatment a proportion of the poor devils crock up and even die. We know that a few men "chance their arms" in the hope of being let off duties; but this is no reason why some of our doctors should, practically without examination, regard as shammers all men who report sick and sometimes ruin them for life, if they do not kill them.

About Inoculation.

We would ask the Director-General of Medical Services for statistics concerning the number of men who have been made invalids for life as a result of inoculation and vaccination, and further figures concerning those who have actually died as a result of the operation—men who are considered by their relatives and friends as having been murdered. Unfortunately, the civilians now being called to the Colours do not know their rights, and are not aware that they cannot be compelled to undergo inoculation. We would ask Mr. Lloyd George if it is with his consent that the Commanding Officers stop leave and award punishments to men for refusing to undergo the ordeal of the lymph.

Where We Shall Help.

The officers, too, are almost as ignorant as the men—and consequently award punishments that are absolutely illegal. In the interests of our soldiers, we are taking a step that will clear the air for them and keep them fully informed concerning their rights according to the King's Regulations and Manual of Military Law. Next week we shall have something further to say on the matter, and we feel that not only the New Army but the existing units will be thankful to JOHN BULL for its work in this direction.

Out of the Army.

Thousands of men are discharged from the Service weekly for medical unfitness and other things. They are sent back to civilian life quite ignorant as to what to do and how to do it. Many of them know that they will be entitled to pensions later on, but are in the dark as to how they are to exist until these arrive. Everything in this connection would be ship-shape if in our discharge camps and hospitals notices were posted telling the men to apply to the Statutory Pensions Committees—established thanks to the efforts of JOHN BULL. What is everybody's business is nobody's business, but we would suggest to the Secretary of State for War that he should add to his many posters one giving the broken-down the tip what to do on discharge to save him from singing in the street for coppers.

Coddling the Huns.

The other day the hospital ship *Panama* left France for England. A number of slightly wounded Germans were brought on board, and, as the ship was rather overcrowded, poor, despised, wounded British Tommies were turned out of their beds to make room for the accursed Huns! The Boches were served first with food, and were generally pampered. Poor, poor Tommy! Unlike the Hun, he has few friends in high places.

The Woeful Warwicks.

All the way from Khartoum comes a wail from the men of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment. Their officers and quartermaster appear to think that the poor chaps do not require shirts and socks. Anybody who has spent a time in the sands of the Soudan knows what this means. We just throw out the hint to the Commanding Officer, in the hope that something better will be done for his men.

The Anzacs.

We give the fullest praise to our Colonial cousins for their splendid work in the field, but we really must voice the complaint of hundreds of units at the front who grouse because the official reporters at headquarters harp all the time on the Anzac string and say as little as possible about the remnants of the Old Army, the Terriers and the Derbyites. We are glad to state that the complaints of the British soldiers are backed up by many of the Anzac men, who have a correct sense of proportion. In former wars the Highlanders appropriated the newspaper headings, probably because so many of our Editors and Sub-Editors hail from North of the Tweed.

MISSING MEN.

We would welcome news of the following:

Rfn. A. Waind, 4225, C Co., Queen's Westminsters; Sergt. J. H. Lawton, 10021, B Co., 6th Leicestershires; Sergt. W. Potts, 8732, 8th York and Lancaster Rgt.; L.-Cpl. W. Fordham, 17168, A Co., 1st Duke of Cornwall's L.I.; Rfn. R. Shears, 2919, B Co., 1/9 London Rgt. (Queen Victoria's); Pte. F. Stroud, 8677, C Co., 6th Batt. Buffs; Cpl A. G. Carpenter, 6594, D Co., 6th R.W.K. Rgt.; Rfn. F. W. Denham, 1478, D Co., London Rifle Brigade; Pte. E. J. Marshall, 135506, 19a, M.A.C., A.S.C., M.T., B.E.F.; Pte. F. Cooper, 6614, 3rd K.O.S.L.I.; L.-Cpl. Beetle, 1672, B Co., 9th Co. of London (Queen Victoria Rifles); Pte. J. H. Mills, St.K. 760, M.G.Sec., C Co., 10th R.F.; Pte. J. W. Crowe, 2663, B Co., 17th King's Liverpool Rgt.; L.-Cpl. E. M. Palser, 1432, B Co., 2nd Middlesex; Pte. H. A. Everett, 8611, C Co., 9th Essex; Pte. W. Cummings, 31/44, B Co., 16th Northumberland Fusrs.; Pte. C. Winstone, 1657, 9th R.F.; Pte. W. P. Bennett, 11677, B Co., 10th West Yorks; Sergt. A. E. Ball, 10231, D Co., 1st Duke of Cornwall's L.I.; Pte. W. Abel, 19146, Sergts.' Mess, 2nd Suffolks; Pte. E. Glew, 572, B Co., 15th West Yorks; Pte. T. Mahoney, 18712, D Co., 1st Royal Dublin Fusrs.; Gunner F. Eastwood, 11544, A Co., 5th Royal Berks; Pte. J. Lyons, 8478, 1st Lincolnshires, att. 3rd Echelon, G.H.Q.; A.Q.M.S. W. Farmer, A.O.C., Indian Ex. Force; Pte. A. F. J. Woodman, 4857, A Co., 8th Royal Warwicks; Sergt. J. B. Hammond, C Co., 9th Royal Fusrs.; Pte. C. H. Leach, 7315, Q Co., 1st Oxford and Bucks L.I., 6th Poona War Div.; Pte. F. C. Butt, 1721, C Co., London Rifle Bde.; Lieut. Roy Messenger, att. 6th Yorkshire Rgt.; Pte. A. H. Edkins, 8178, A Co., 9th Royal Fusrs.

Your Friend on Active Service
He wants cigarettes to smoke every day. So send him a regular supply of "De Reszke" Cigarettes —he's worthy of the very best. Buy them yourself and post the parcel with your own hands—then you know they are bound to reach him safely.
Sold everywhere

Grave Official Warning.

THE DEADLY FLY PERIL.

Special Offer to Readers.

One of our greatest living sanitary authorities writes:—

"In South Africa during the war, there were more casualties due to flies than bullets. A fly should be looked upon as nothing but a spreader of disease."

To ward off the fly peril, there is but one safe, cleanly and effective method—

Here is the special Fly Sprayer which keeps your house absolutely free from the fly-pests.

Spray the flies and their haunts with **HEPPELL'S FLY SPRAY.** No fly can stand it. It is poisonous to flies, wasps, beetles, ants and other insects, but absolutely harmless to everything else.

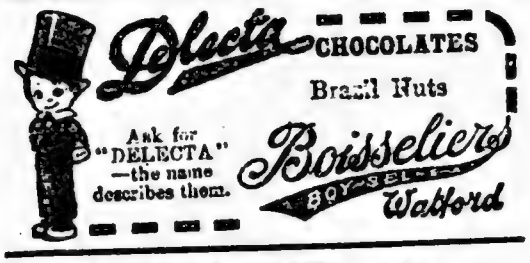
With **HEPPELL'S** Handy fly sprayer and some of the solution you can spray freely all over the house. Spray the curtains, blinds, lamp-shades and chandeliers. Kitchen refuse, etc., requires extra attention as flies breed in it. You will thus keep your home healthy and entirely free from flies.

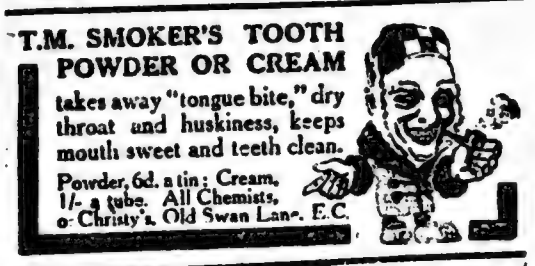
SPECIAL OFFER OUTFIT.

Write to the address below, enclosing 7s., and by return you will receive, carriage paid, a special sprayer and some of the solution (or 10s. 6d. for four times the 7s. supply with sprayer). Or send postcard for free booklet. Sole Manufacturers: Heppell's Laboratories, 2, Eden Street, N.W., or from any of

HEPPELL'S PHARMACIES,

73, Knightsbridge, S.W.; 5, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.; 35, Haymarket, S.W.; 164, Piccadilly, W.; 77 and 78, Strand, W.C.; 26, Piccadilly, W.; 33, Charles Street, W.C.




T.M. SMOKER'S TOOTH POWDER OR CREAM
takes away "tongue bite," dry throat and huskiness, keeps mouth sweet and teeth clean.
Powder, 6d. a tin; Cream, 1/- a tube. All Chemists, or Christy's, Old Swan Lane, E.C.

INCREASE YOUR SALES
WITH "WABRA" CLIPS
No. 8.7406 Card Stand.
No. 23, bent.
No. 21 straight
Catalogue and above samples forwd. postage. Ask your Wholesaler & Shopfitter for WABRA Clips
A. W. ABRAHAMS, 19-21, Pershore St., Birmingham

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W. E. L. (San. Fran.).—We don't think the Rev. Aked will be allowed to visit this country "on the same terms as he visited Berlin." As a notorious pro-Germhun, we have him well sized-up over here—Yew kin put yewr shirt on thet thar!

A. B. (London, N.W.).—"Behold a proof of Irish sense! Here Irish wit is seen: When Home Rule's won, at great expense, They organise Sinn Fein!" Not bad. Only "Fein" is pronounced "Fain."

W. A. R.—The policeman of military age who "feeds the Chief Constable's pigs" would find wider scope for his talents in feeding lead to Germhun swine.

"COMEDIAN" (London, W.).—If there are "hundreds of theatrical, music-hall, picture, and concert artistes dodging enlistment, working under assumed names, and glorying in their cunning," the remedy is a systematic round-up at every place of amusement.

H. E. (Canadian Pay Office).—We have already exposed the scandal of the Germhun monks at Buckfast Abbey; and the fact that their home is within easy reach of our naval base at Plymouth has not escaped us.

W. B. R. (Cleator Moor).—Whatever the reasons, the use of the Whitehaven Town Hall was refused to Herr Ramsay Macdonald and his friends. Pity they cannot be denied the use of clean air.

W. C. (Wadham College).—Agreed that it seems hardly fair to send political refugees back to Russia; but why should a Russian with democratic views object to fight in the British Army, for the cause of the Allies?

H. V. S. (Bedford).—"There seems to be a general lack of utility at the War Office." A "general" who should be promptly court-martialled!

"M.D." (Attercliffe).—In regard to the doctors' fees for examining recruits, "JOHN BULL said it was time we were paid, and this week the money came." And the price is one penny per week!

E. S. (Elgin Crescent, W.).—"Whatever the most terrible curse on the most vicious Hun, it should be quadrupled for those loathsome growths which would pollute even the atmosphere of Hell." So you say, because a cyclist and a carman were "too busy" to rescue a drowning child. Your wrath is terrible, but not without just cause.

"SUFFERER" (Ilkley).—On the whole, you are justified in your criticism of panel medication. Some patients, however, have found the physic eminently useful for flushing sinks.

A. P. C. (Glasgow).—Parody on "Tipperary" is late in the day, and your last line, where the Kaiser sings, "It is not so far to St. Helena, and I'm going there!" is, we hope, a bad prophecy. Too good a fate for him.

W. B. (New York).—Nobody in this country cares a dum for the lying pro-Germhun statements of the *New York Journal*.

A. L. (Glasgow) thinks Providence can hardly leave out "those Celts who wandered North of the Tweed when it comes to choosing who are to become pioneers of the world's progress." Doubtless some of the Scots will be there.

"IRISH REBEL."—Get your verses published in a rebel paper. They are not fit for a decent one.

"SOLDIER AND OFFICER" (St. James's Park).—We do not believe the people would permit an inconclusive peace. You are right in your resolve to have nothing whatever to do with any Germhun as long as you live. Anywhere and everywhere he seems to be a beast whose propensities are only limited by his opportunities.

E. H. (Wimbledon).—Not surprised by your opinion, as a grocer, that "the Sugar Commission is all rot, so far as small traders are concerned."

The JOHN BULL Pen

SEE COUPON.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. August 26, 1916.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

D. N. R. (Streatham).—"Still merry and bright" thanks to reading us. "People call you a brick, because you are so cheerful." Well, *you* are a brick, and deserve the speedy return from the front of your husband, safe and sound.

"A BRITISH MOTHER."—"Tell the parsons to talk less and think more." We will tell them right enough, dear lady.

X. Y. Z.—We note that the Wesleyans are following the lead of the Salvation Army and going into trade. It is not "religion," and is unfair to tradesmen.

"CONSTANT READER" (Billingham).—We have already pointed out the sheer waste of passing into the Army the "halt, lame, and infirm" that you talk about. We want men to advance, not to halt.

"KEEP ON SMILING" (H. M. Trawler).—Do we think you deserve proper treatment? We think nothing could be too good for you chaps, who have done work the world will one day wonder at.

"ONE OF THE TOMMIES" (Bangor Hospital).—Not being allowed out of hospital you put it into verse:—"They use no locks, But brawny Jocks, At the gates are put on sentry, To see that we cannot get free, To roam outside the entry!" Good rhymes. And good luck!

SAPPER F. W. (R.E.)—"Has the British Army at present in use a type of aeroplane with the propeller behind, known as pusher biplanes?" Without betraying national secrets, we can assert that they are all pushers.

"A SOLDIER'S WIFE."—Plenty of German barbers and bakers in Tottenham; as you say, too many by far.

G. M. M. (Charing Cross).—Quite right. The German in question should not be in a Coventry palace, but in the Alexandra Palace.

W. G. G. (Clevedon).—There is every reason to believe that the Ideal Company, Clevedon, Somerset, is an off-shoot of the audacious simulation-watch advertising tricksters we have so frequently exposed.

ALEC T. (Brooklands).—Your violet ink and purple patches have completely dazzled us. If "undeveloped spirits" are indeed responsible; we are pained, though not surprised.

C. H. (Bognor).—Bognor would no doubt, be benefited if the vacant land near the sea were laid out for games and sports, as high tide drives everybody from the sands and there is a scarcity of playgrounds.

LCE.-CPL. CLIFFORD ADEY (Kempton Park).—Congrats. on *The Kemptonian*, organ of the M.T. Depot, A.S.C., six months old, and still going strong. Concentrate on humour and sport, and All's Well!

MESSRS. JOHN MUIR AND SON (Beith, N.B.).—We have perused your explanation, and are still of opinion that to issue a trade card in mourning for Lord Kitchener was an error of taste. We note you "have no shadow of apology to offer"; and we certainly withdraw nothing we have said. *Your* move!

W. W. W. (Alford).—Glad you admire "some of our criticisms." We are likewise ravished by some of your compliments.

MRS. D. G. (Lewisham).—"When viewing the U C 5 submarine, I told the sailor in charge that you could only see 1, and that you could not see 5." If you go on like that, you must not complain, whatever happens.

SECRETARY, HULL FISH MERCHANTS' PROTECTION SOCIETY.—The facts in "The Fishy State of Fish" were supplied to us by a trawlerman, who also, presumably, knows a thing or two.

S. L. (Finsbury).—Naturally, we do not like to hear of Germans and Austrians employed at Woolwich Arsenal, even if they *are* naturalised.

M. S. (Tottenham).—Yes, you are quite right—one of the industries which have got to be captured from the Germans by British women is that of herb-growing. An article telling you how to start it and make it pay appears in this week's issue of *Everywoman's*.

"MUSWELL HILL."—Surely it is not true that a naturalised German, living at Muswell Hill, keeps six carrier pigeons by permission of the Government?

J. E. F. (Streatham).—"Do the clergy know there is a war on?" Of course not; but they would have known if there had been nobody to do their bit for them.

H. V. (Hanley).—Numerous complaints have been received about Davis & Co., of Denmark Hill, who advertise field glasses.

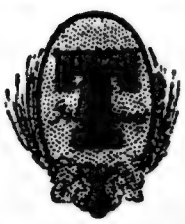
"ELOP" (Dunfermline) knows a young man of 20 who was accepted for the Army while an obvious victim of lupus, and passed into training, only to be re-examined and passed out again. There are Medical Officers who will pass anything in trousers.

J. H. (Manchester).—There is a national Kitchener Memorial Fund, to which large sums have been already subscribed.

C. DE S. (Newcastle).—Your woes are many, and your handwriting has the jim-jams. Regret unable to help you.

A. B. (London W.C.).—The *Era* and the *Stage* have now no excuse for publishing the advertisements of Graham & Co. They are simply traps for the unwary.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)



Look for the Red **T** *on the bottle.*

1,000 British men and women make 156,000 bottles of Tennent's Lager Beer *Every Day*

TENNENT'S Lager Beer is superior to anything that ever was or ever will be produced upon the Continent or elsewhere. Its daily sales amount to 156,000 bottles. Over 1,000 British subjects are employed in its production. The Capital of the firm is British, and the Beer upholds the best traditions of the Brewing Industry.

TENNENT'S LAGER BEER

Beer at its Best

Pluck

"IT'S dogged does it," says the proverb, and as is being demonstrated to the world at large, for sheer dogged determination and grit the Briton is second to none.

But, nevertheless, there are times when the wearied body and distraught nerves feel ready to give way under the strain—when health is undermined by anxiety—when one is despondent and down. This is when Iron 'Jelloids' are invaluable. A fortnight's trial, costing 1s. 3d., is a most convincing proof of their wonderful tonic and restorative properties.

Iron 'Jelloids' enrich and strengthen the blood, and in this way tone up and invigorate every organ of the body.

Dr. T. Hatfield Walker, F.C.S., late Analyst for the City of Carlisle, etc., late Medical Officer of Health, Longtown, wrote:—"Both from a chemical and clinical point of view I consider IRON 'JELLOIDS' to be absolutely perfect."

Ask your Chemist for a box of Iron Jelloids' to-day

Reliable Tonic for Men... IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 3.
For Anæmia in Women ... IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2.
For Growing Children..... IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 1.

Of all Chemists. price 1s. 3d Large size, 3s.

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J. H. B. (Edinburgh).—It is very questionable whether Lord Guthrie can "produce passages from authors, from Lytton to Ruskin, as wild as anything Bernhardi ever wrote."

W. L. (Perry Hill).—"He died—if it were death to give His life—that all he loved might live."

W. E. L. (San. Fran.).—We don't think the Rev. Aked will be allowed to visit this country "on the same terms as he visited Berlin." As a notorious pro-Germhun, we have him well sized-up over here—Yew kin put yewr shirt on thet thar!

A. B. (London, N.W.).—"Behold a proof of Irish sense! Here Irish wit is seen: When Home Rule's won, at great expense, They organise Sinn Fein!" Not bad. Only "Fein" is pronounced "Fain."

W. A. R.—The policeman of military age who "feeds the Chief Constable's pigs" would find wider scope for his talents in feeding lead to Germhun swine.

"COMEDIAN" (London, W.).—If there are "hundreds of theatrical, music-hall, picture, and concert artistes dodging enlistment, working under assumed names, and glorying in their cunning," the remedy is a systematic round-up at every place of amusement.

H. E. (Canadian Pay Office).—We have already exposed the scandal of the Germhun monks at Buckfast Abbey; and the fact that their home is within easy reach of our naval base at Plymouth has not escaped us.

W. B. R. (Cleator Moor).—Whatever the reasons, the use of the Whitehaven Town Hall was refused to Herr Ramsay Macdonald and his friends. Pity they cannot be denied the use of clean air.

W. C. (Wadham College).—Agreed that it seems hardly fair to send political refugees back to Russia; but why should a Russian with democratic views object to fight in the British Army, for the cause of the Allies?

H. V. S. (Bedford).—"There seems to be a general lack of utility at the War Office." A "general" who should be promptly court-martialled!

"M.D." (Attercliffe).—In regard to the doctors' fees for examining recruits, "JOHN BULL said it was time we were paid, and this week the money came." And the price is one penny per week!

E. S. (Elgin Crescent, W.).—"Whatever the most terrible curse on the most vicious Hun, it should be quadrupled for those loathsome growths which would pollute even the atmosphere of Hell." So you say, because a cyclist and a carman were "too busy" to rescue a drowning child. Your wrath is terrible, but not without just cause.

"SUFFERER" (Ilkley).—On the whole, you are justified in your criticism of panel medication. Some patients, however, have found the physic eminently useful for flushing sinks.

A. P. C. (Glasgow).—Parody on "Tipperary" is late in the day, and your last line, where the Kaiser sings, "It is not so far to St. Helena, and I'm going there!" is, we hope, a bad prophecy. Too good a fate for him.

W. B. (New York).—Nobody in this country cares a dum for the lying pro-Germhun statements of the *New York Journal*.

A. L. (Glasgow) thinks Providence can hardly leave out "those Celts who wandered North of the Tweed when it comes to choosing who are to become pioneers of the world's progress." Doubtless some of the Scots will be there.

"IRISH REBEL."—Get your verses published in a rebel paper. They are not fit for a decent one.

"SOLDIER AND OFFICER" (St. James's Park).—We do not believe the people would permit an inconclusive peace. You are right in your resolve to have nothing whatever to do with any Germhun as long as you live. Anywhere and everywhere he seems to be a beast whose propensities are only limited by his opportunities.

E. H. (Wimbledon).—Not surprised by your opinion, as a grocer, that "the Sugar Commission is all rot, so far as small traders are concerned."

The JOHN BULL Pen

SEE COUPON.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. August 26, 1916.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

D. N. R. (Streatham).—"Still merry and bright" thanks to reading us. "People call you a brick, because you are so cheerful." Well, *you* are a brick, and deserve the speedy return from the front of your husband, safe and sound.

"A BRITISH MOTHER."—"Tell the parsons to talk less and think more." We will tell them right enough, dear lady.

X. Y. Z.—We note that the Wesleyans are following the lead of the Salvation Army and going into trade. It is not "religion," and is unfair to tradesmen.

"CONSTANT READER" (Billingham).—We have already pointed out the sheer waste of passing into the Army the "halt, lame, and infirm" that you talk about. We want men to advance, not to halt.

"KEEP ON SMILING" (H. M. Trawler).—Do we think you deserve proper treatment? We think nothing could be too good for you chaps, who have done work the world will one day wonder at.

"ONE OF THE TOMMIES" (Bangor Hospital).—Not being allowed out of hospital you put it into verse:—"They use no locks, But brawny Jocks, At the gates are put on sentry, To see that we cannot get free, To roam outside the entry!" Good rhymes. And good luck!

SAPPER F. W. (R.E.)—"Has the British Army at present in use a type of aeroplane with the propeller behind, known as pusher biplanes?" Without betraying national secrets, we can assert that they are all pushers.

"A SOLDIER'S WIFE."—Plenty of German barbers and bakers in Tottenham; as you say, too many by far.

G. M. M. (Charing Cross).—Quite right. The German in question should not be in a Coventry palace, but in the Alexandra Palace.

W. G. G. (Clevedon).—There is every reason to believe that the Ideal Company, Clevedon, Somerset, is an off-shoot of the audacious simulation-watch advertising tricksters we have so frequently exposed.

ALEC T. (Brooklands).—Your violet ink and purple patches have completely dazzled us.

R.—If "undeveloped spirits" are indeed responsible; we are pained, though not surprised.

C. H. (Bognor).—Bognor would, no doubt, be benefited if the vacant land near the sea were laid out for games and sports, as high tide drives everybody from the sands and there is a scarcity of playgrounds.

LCE.-CPL. CLIFFORD ADEY (Kempton Park).—Congrats. on *The Kemptonian*, organ of the M.T. Depot, A.S.C., six months old, and still going strong. Concentrate on humour and sport, and All's Well!

MESSRS. JOHN MUIR AND SON (Beith, N.B.).—We have perused your explanation, and are still of opinion that to issue a trade card in mourning for Lord Kitchener was an error of taste. We note you "have no shadow of apology to offer"; and we certainly withdraw nothing we have said. *Your* move!

W. W. W. (Alford).—Glad you admire "some of our criticisms." We are likewise ravished by some of your compliments.

MRS. D. G. (Lewisham).—"When viewing the U C 5 submarine, I told the sailor in charge that you could only see 1, and that you could not see 5." If you go on like that, you must not complain, whatever happens.

SECRETARY, HULL FISH MERCHANTS' PROTECTION SOCIETY.—The facts in "The Fishy State of Fish" were supplied to us by a trawlerman, who also, presumably, knows a thing or two.

S. L. (Finsbury).—Naturally, we do not like to hear of Germans and Austrians employed at Woolwich Arsenal, even if they *are* naturalised.

M. S. (Tottenham).—Yes, you are quite right—one of the industries which have got to be captured from the Germans by British women is that of herb-growing. An article telling you how to start it and make it pay appears in this week's issue of *Everywoman's*.

"MUSWELL HILL."—Surely it is not true that a naturalised German, living at Muswell Hill, keeps six carrier pigeons by permission of the Government?

J. E. F. (Streatham).—"Do the clergy know there is a war on?" Of course not; but they would have known if there had been nobody to do their bit for them.

H. V. (Hanley).—Numerous complaints have been received about Davis & Co., of Denmark Hill, who advertise field glasses.

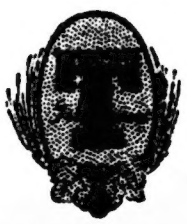
"ELOP" (Dunfermline) knows a young man of 20 who was accepted for the Army while an obvious victim of lupus, and passed into training, only to be re-examined and passed out again. There are Medical Officers who will pass anything in trousers.

J. H. (Manchester).—There is a national Kitchener Memorial Fund, to which large sums have been already subscribed.

C. DE S. (Newcastle).—Your woes are many, and your handwriting has the jim-jams. Regret unable to help you.

A. B. (London W.C.).—The *Era* and the *Stage* have now no excuse for publishing the advertisements of Graham & Co. They are simply traps for the unwary.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)



Look for the Red T on the bottle.

1,000 British men and women make 156,000 bottles of Tennent's Lager Beer *Every Day*

TENNENT'S Lager Beer is superior to anything that ever was or ever will be produced upon the Continent or elsewhere. Its daily sales amount to 156,000 bottles. Over 1,000 British subjects are employed in its production. The Capital of the firm is British, and the Beer upholds the best traditions of the Brewing Industry.

TENNENT'S LAGER BEER

Beer at its Best

Pluck

"IT'S dogged does it," says the proverb, and as is being demonstrated to the world at large, for sheer dogged determination and grit the Briton is second to none.

But, nevertheless, there are times when the wearied body and distraught nerves feel ready to give way under the strain—when health is undermined by anxiety—when one is despondent and down. This is when Iron 'Jelloids' are invaluable. A fortnight's trial, costing 1s. 3d., is a most convincing proof of their wonderful tonic and restorative properties.

Iron 'Jelloids' enrich and strengthen the blood, and in this way tone up and invigorate every organ of the body.

Dr. T. Hatfield Walker, F.C.S., late Analyst for the City of Carlisle, etc., late Medical Officer of Health, Longtown, wrote:—"Both from a chemical and clinical point of view I consider IRON 'JELLOIDS' to be absolutely perfect."

Ask your Chemist for a box of Iron Jelloids' to-day

Reliable Tonic for Men... IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2.
For Anæmia in Women ... IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 3.
For Growing Children..... IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 1.

Of all Chemists. price 1s. 3d Large size, 3s.

Iron 'Jelloids'
(Pronounced Jell-Lloyds)

BULLETS—BIGGEST & BEST

PRIZE LIST OF ALL COMPETITIONS.

2nd Prize £25

FIRST PRIZE £250

3rd Prize £10

10 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5

25 PRIZES OF 10/-

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

2,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES

2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

10 WEEK-END PRIZES OF £2:10/-

☞ Two more Coupons for this week's Competition will be found on the opposite page.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 31st.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(203) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and condit ons announced below.

Signed _____

Address _____

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. mu t be ent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 2 3, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 31st.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(203) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below

Signed _____

Address _____

If two coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to anord our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 204. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **204** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 204,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 204.

THE ALLIES	TOMMY'S PENSION	WHEN WOMAN PREACHES	UGLY CUSTOMER
WHEN BRITAIN STRIKES	IN A MESS	DANGEROUS PROPOSAL	ALWAYS IN MISCHIEF
MAKES KAISER TREMBLE	MEAT PIE	BY THE SEA	HAVING ANOTHER
LOOKING GLUM	MAKES FATHER WORK	WITHOUT FOUNDATION	REAPING THE HARVEST
REPEATING THE DOSE	HARD PRESSED	TALKING MACHINE	GERMAN CRAFT

BULLETS RULES 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 203.

THE KAISER EXPECTS
PRUSSIAN GUARDS
IN THE TRENCHES
HELPING TO WIN
OUR GENERAL
ON BLACK LIST
THE CONFIDENCE TRICK
THREATENING COMMUNICATIONS
WAITING FOR PEACE
WHEN LOVE RETURNS
NOT FAIR
HIDING THE TRUTH
IN A HOLE
HEAVY CHARGES
MAKING A SPLASH
SEASIDE PROPOSAL
BEGINNING OF THE END
GRASS WIDOW
A TIGHT FIT
LYING LOW
MOST JOYFUL WHEN
FRESH TROOPS
THE TOP DOG
REMNANT DAY
LADY CLERK
ANSWERING PAT
SHOULD BE SCRAPPED
CINEMA SHOWS
ENTERTAINING TOMMY
THE AUSTRIAN EMPIRE

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will guide you:—

Example:—
ENTERTAINING TOMMY.
Bullet:—
A PLEASURE TO EVERYBODY.

Example:—
CINEMA SHOWS.
Bullet:—
ALL THE RAGE.

Example:—
SHOULD BE SCRAPPED.
Bullet:—
OUTWORN THEORIES.

Competitors may send in two **BULLETS** on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated Sept. 16th

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S, dated August 26th.

RESULT OF 200TH BULLETS COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE of £250:—

Mr. T. COOK,
60, Inglecld Avenue, Cardiff.
Example:—GERMANY'S HARVEST.
Bullet:—THE PEOPLE HUNGER "AFTER."

SECOND PRIZE of £25:—

Mr. E. CARTER,
St. Clement's School, Jersey, C.I.
Example:—MAKING MUNITIONS.
Bullet:—A LARGE NUMBER "HAPPILY."

THIRD PRIZE of £10:—

Mr. J. M. IRVINE,
Tramway Depot, Whitevale, Glasgow.
Example:—THE AWKWARD SQUAD
Bullet:—A "JOB" TEACHING THEM.

10 HOLIDAY PRIZES of £5 EACH:—

Mr. WM. BUCHANAN, 80, Shakespeare St., Maryhill, Glasgow:
MERRY AND BRIGHT—AMERICA - WHILE WAR LASTS.
Mr. PRYCE PARRY, 4, Gibson Street, Liverpool, S.:
MY DEAR WIFE—FRE EMILY "PUTS THINGS STRAIGHT."
Mr. THOMAS H. KEY, c.o. Howitson and Earsman, Clayton Square, Liverpool:
MAKES KAISER SICK—AFTER FEELING OUR "BUMPS."
Mrs M. WILSON, 31, Lee Road, Nelson, Lancs:
BRITISH PROGRESS—"IN DEED" THEY DO.
Mr. WILFRID TRUSSELL, Empire Cinema, Seaford, Sussex:
IN A TIGHT CORNER—FOR ADJECTIVES DESCRIBING HUNS.
Miss JOAN CLIFFORD, 5, Park Road, S. Wanstead, London:
A RISKY BUSINESS—PROHIBITION WHEN TOMMY RETURNS.
Mr. J. MARTIN, 97, Cambridge St., Wavertree, Liverpool:
NOW SHOWING—"CABINET" TRICKS BY "HORATIO."
Mr. M. R. MASON, 34, Acre Street, Denton, Lancs:
SEASIDE TRIPPERS—THIS YEAR PREFER "COUNTRY."
Mr. W. WILSON, 334, Sheffield Rd., Tinsley, Sheffield:
THE AWKWARD SQUAD—"PARADES" ITS DISGUST.
Mr. W. H. COWLISHAW, 110, Station Road, Shirebrook Derbyshire:
CLOSING TIME—FLAPPER'S EYELID - PASSING KHAKI.

10 WEEK-END PRIZES of £2 10s. EACH:

Miss EMMA J. BURY, 19, South End Rd., Hampstead, N.W.:
WHEN HENPECKED—HUBBY "KNOCKED UP" EARLY.
Mr. JOSEPH PARKER, 38, Bernard St., Russell Sq., W.C.:
MAKES KAISER SICK—EVERYTHING LOSING, HE'S "BACKING."
Mr. R. FORSDICK, "Hobart," Ivanhoe Road, Lichfield
HOLIDAY WEATHER—"GOES" BEFORE I DO.
(Sent in on a Free Target Prize Coupon.)
Miss E. HARRIS, 58, High St., Moxley, nr. Wednesbury:
GERMANY'S HARVEST—HER LAND'S "GROWING LESS."
Mr. E. F. MOORE, 73, Pine Road, Cricklewood, N.W.:
MAKING MUNITIONS—"RISE" EXPECTED ANY MOMENT.
Mrs. VIOLET CORDINGLEY, 184, Devonshire Road, Honor Oak Park, London, S.E.:
GETTING WARM—CAN'T "GET OFF" ENOUGH.
Mr. ALBERT W. MASKELL, Convois Automobiles, 9th Anglaise No. 5, Dijon, France:
MAKES KAISER SICK—AUSTRIA GIVING AWAY "TRACES."
Mr. WM. T. HOWARD, Church End, Barley, Royston, Herts:
PRICE OF MILK—"KEEPING UP" ITS REPUTATION.
Mr. A. MCALLISTER, Mordue's Bdgs., Burnhope, Durham:
WHEN HENPECKED—"SMOKING" FEELING SERIES EXCUSABLE.
Mr. A. H. HUSSEY, Eversley, Deal:
A WEAK CONSCIENCE—LANDED MONEYLENDER IN WORKHOUSE.

YOU MAY USE THESE EXTRA COUPONS.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, August 31st.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(203) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 203, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

No Closing Date, Thursday, August 31st.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(203) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our insurance is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (*a*) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Aug. 26th, 1916 .....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nomin will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day
(*Strike out one of these.*)
Aug. 26th, 1916

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with .....

Newsagent of .....

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

.....

"As a business man I say emphatically

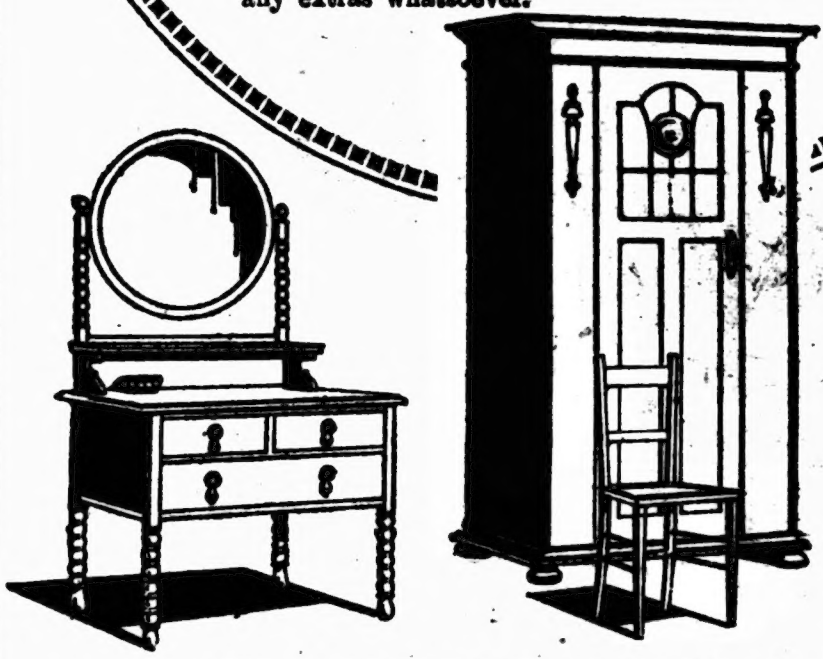
go to the 'Midland' for any furniture you require. It will pay you. There's not a place in the Kingdom that can touch the 'Midland' for value.

"You see, the 'Midland' control the actual manufacture of what they sell. That enables them to save you the heavy middleman's profit usually charged. And with their immense turnover and world-wide command of markets the 'Midland' can afford to give you the utmost possible value for every shilling you spend.

Money buys more at the 'Midland'

"Pick out anything you like in the £100,000 worth of splendidly-made furniture on view in the 'Midland' salons to-day. Look at the plainly marked price. Compare it with what you would be asked elsewhere for furniture of anything like the same quality. You'll see at once how greatly you gain by furnishing at the 'Midland.'

"And the 'Midland' Ideal Terms enable you to furnish out of income without paying a penny for interest or any extras whatsoever."



A particularly well-constructed Bedroom Suite in Oak, designed in the Jacobean style, finished a rich antique colour. Consisting of 3 ft. Wardrobe with leaded light; 2 ft. 6 in. Dressing Table and Washstand, the latter with marble top and tiled back; complete, with 2 rush-seated Chairs. **£12 12s. 0d.**

Write for the 'Midland' Book of Furniture

It is the finest and most comprehensive Guide to Furnishing ever published. It contains over 1 000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. A postcard brings it free.

Ideal Terms

(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Month.
£10 - £20	5 6
£20 - 0	11 0
£30 - 0	16 6
£40 - 1	2 0
£50 - 1	7 6
£100 - 2	15 0
£200 - 5	10 0
£500 - 13	15 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

10% Discount for Cash.

Rail Fares Paid

Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders

packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland," customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife,** in the event of the death of the purchaser. **All furniture** thus purchased is also **insured against damage by Fire, Zeppelin Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.**

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station, 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 8. Saturdays—9 till 1.

Printed and Published by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.; Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; also Imperial News Co., Ltd.; Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada.
All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: Gerrard 2595.